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*Vol. II.*

*OCTOBER, 1870.*

*No. 2.*

# THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

*EDITED BY THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.*



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## THE OWL

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# THE OWL

*DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.*

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VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1870. NO. 2.

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DANIEL WEBSTER.

[AN ORATION, DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILALETIC SOCIETY, AUGUST 10, 1870.]

ALL people, both ancient and modern, of pre-enlightened and civilized times, have admired and valued eloquence. In times of danger, when the public weal was at issue, their orators shone forth; whether in the flowery language and profuse similes of the dusky son of the forest, or in the glowing and harmonious periods that echoed from the Roman rostrum.

Erudite men in all ages have become the votaries of oratory; with what success let the triumphs of Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, Pitt and Grattan demonstrate. The Athenian bema rang with the thunders of that eloquence which struck terror to the heart of Philip of Macedon; the rostrum of the seven-hilled city reverberated with the euphonious language of the defender of Milo; the British House of Commons listened in wrapt admiration to the scathing in-

vectives of a Burke, the impassioned delivery of a Sheridan, and the sonorous eloquence of a Pitt.

These, however, are orators of another continent, and of other centuries. Our own country, young as she is, has also been prolific of speakers, among whom we boast a Henry, a Lee, a Clay, a Calhoun, a Randolph, a Wirt, a Hayne, a Choate, an Everett, and lastly, a Daniel Webster. The last mentioned of these illustrious men I have selected as my subject to engage your attention for a few moments.

As a lawyer, a statesman, an orator and a writer, all combined in one, America has not produced his superior. Admitted, while yet young, to the bar, he early displayed traits of learning and proofs of scholarship, which soon placed him in the front rank of American jurists. When he first began his professional labors,

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constitutional law was but imperfectly cultivated; and the honor fell to his lot of being the first to tear away the shroud which enclosed it, and which the ignorance of his predecessors had failed to penetrate. He lived to be the almost infallible expounder of all that pertained to constitutional doctrines. As a lawyer, he ranks the peer of Erskine, of Curran, and of Choate. Webster, as a statesman, has left a name which alone should live forever. Few of our public men have left a brighter record of their services; a Representative, a Senator, and a Secretary of State, he fulfilled the arduous duties appertaining to these offices with a degree of ability second to none. For forty years, he labored the faithful servant of his country. As a statesman he is surely great—for the true statesman is he who knows best the nation's good, and can achieve that good in the best way. What is the nation's good? Civilization. But what is civilization? The answer comes from mankind in general—"Advancement," "Progress." And, therefore, the best statesman, according to the general mind, is he under whose administration material progress makes the greatest headway. Is it really so? Does civilization consist in mere material progress? In the perfection of the "gas-pushed car"? Has it seen a triumph in the completion of that gigantic enterprise which spans with iron bands the broad expanse of the American continent? Does it consist in those gilded palaces which sleep upon the bosom of the deep, and which, by the motive power of steam, can bid defi-

ance to wind and wave? Is it comprised in the electric spark whose instantaneous flash girds the globe? No, this is not civilization—true civilization. It has a higher aim, a nobler end; it tends to the advancement of the intellectual, not the corporeal and material portion of our being. It is, in short, *the rule of will guided by reason*, not *the will guided by passion*. This is the true definition—this the correct view. Weigh Webster's life by the scales of the nation's material progress, and his claim to the title of a truly great statesman is well established. On the other hand, if we consider carefully, weigh minutely his speeches and his writings, we shall find that they breathe an air of refinement—that they are calculated to imbue us with a spirit of admiration for what is right and of detestation for what is erroneous; in short, that they exert, imperceptibly, it may seem, but none the less certainly, a strong, deep and lasting civilizing influence. So under either view he is deservedly ranked a *Statesman*. Praised, as he should be, for his statesmanship, his oratorical triumphs demand equal admiration. We judge an orator by the power he wields over his audience; if conviction flows from his lips and his aim be just and noble; if he combine solid judgment and good sense with a quick sensibility of heart, and a warm imagination; if it be at his disposal that enchanter's power of searching the human heart for chords of sympathy; if he possess that magic art of conveying undimmed to a thousand hearts the sentiments which burn in his own, then we form

our estimate—we draw our own conclusions. We say, "This is an Orator." Take this as a criterion: See Webster at the bar, on the platform and in the Senate, unrivalled in each. At the bar, in the far-famed Dartmouth College case, behold his triumph. There, by the astounding power of his eloquence, he melted the iron rigor of a court's formality into tears. On the platform, see the splendor of his oratory in his Bunker Hill Monument orations. They are monuments of his worth, as enduring and as imperishable as the gigantic granite obelisk which he so grandly eulogized. And in the Senate, among his many brilliant efforts, see his incomparable argument against Hayne. You are all acquainted with the circumstances connected with Webster's ever to be remembered speech in answer to the champion of South Carolina; than whom no nobler gentleman, and few more accomplished orators, our land has seen. He saw that, sooner or later, the doctrines of Hayne must be productive of the dire effects of civil discord. A reply was needed; a reply was given, and for the time peace reigned. The hideous, ghastly, blood-drenched phantom of rebellion hid its hydra head before the scorching blasts of that Etna-burning eloquence. Hayne made a bold stand, but the conclusions he drew were erroneous, owing to defective premises. The doctrines he advanced, in particular that of State Sovereignty, were exploded by eloquence no less fiery than his own, by sarcasm still more biting, and by arguments deduced from sound prem-

ises and incontrovertible truth. Webster's speech on this occasion has achieved a reputation world wide. Many parts have become as household words. At the time of its delivery, it created the greatest enthusiasm over the entire land. Congratulations poured in from all sides for his able argument. Massachusetts hailed with delight the vindicator of her insulted honor! A grateful country stretched forth her hand and placed upon his brow a never-dying wreath of glory, with the proud title of "Defender of the Constitution."

It was during the delivery of this world-renowned argument, that with blazing eye, and the look of the inspired, he made that glorious reference to American liberty: "And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, there it still lives, in the pride of its beauty and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if uneasiness under necessary and salutary restraint shall succeed in separating it from that union by which alone its existence was made sure, it will stand to the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it, and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

Brownson, the greatest of American philosophers, and surely a judge, says: "We know not how Mr. Webster compares as an orator with the great orators of other times and other



countries, for mere descriptions of oratory are rarely reliable, but he comes up more nearly to our ideal of the finished orator for the bar, the Senate, the popular assembly, or the patriotic celebration, than any other to whom our country has given us an opportunity of listening. His person and voice harmonize admirably, and both strike you as suited to each other. His strong, athletic frame, his deep, rich, sonorous voice, set off with double effect his massive thoughts, his weighty sentences, his chaste, dignified and harmonious periods."

In private life Webster was also a remarkable man. Possessed of a generous nature, an endearing disposition and great modesty, he was well calculated to inspire with friendly feelings all who had the pleasure of his company, or the honor of his friendship. Unimpeached honor was also his. In an age of great men, he stands pre-eminently great. He is the Demosthenes of the nineteenth century, and some of his brilliant and thrilling passages I doubt whether Demosthenes' self could equal. His it was—

"The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes."

On the 24th of October, 1852, Webster calmly breathed his last, and

those eloquent lips were sealed forever by the icy hand of death.

"'Mid the gloom of a nation orphaned,  
And the wail of a nation's grief,"

His remains were consigned to their last long resting place.

The great orator and statesman, as he lay upon his death-bed, earth receding from his view, and his glazing eye fixed upon the opening vista of eternity—as his soul was being wafted forth to that happy home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—gave utterance to that sublime sentiment, "*I still live.*" How well those few words express his immortality!

Yes, thou still liv'st, enshrined in the affections of an admiring and grateful people! thy name, coupled with that of Washington and Jefferson and Henry, shall last as long as the Republic itself shall last; and should it ever come to pass that this Republic shall have ceased to be, when all its victories and all its triumphs shall have been buried in one common ruin, in the oblivious bosom of the past—when it shall be remembered only on the murky and besmeared records of by-gone times—then thy name and fame and character will loom grandly up in bold relief, and unborn ages will point to thee as one of the landmarks of humanity.



## JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

[AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILAETHIC SOCIETY ON THE 10TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1870.]

THERE are, I think, no subjects more full of interest and instruction to all men than the history of great men's lives. Since it is true that men learn far more readily from example than from precept, is it not natural that, by noting well the courses which others have pursued in rising to the high places of fame, we may so direct our own steps as to avoid the dangers that may have threatened them, and to make use of all the advantages they discovered? Such a subject I have chosen for my few remarks, and as a man most worthy of my theme, John Philpot Curran, the orator of Ireland.

I do not propose to enter into any lengthy eulogium upon Curran's character, neither do I intend strictly to confine myself to his private and individual traits, but, considering him both as a man and as an orator, reviewing the causes which conspired to bring about his rise and the influence and effect that his eloquent labors had upon the welfare of his country, to hold up to your view, a man who in his own field of action has had but few rivals in any age or clime.

Under the instruction of his mother, a lady of refined feelings and superior education, Curran passed his childhood among the grandest and most poetic scenes of Ireland. His mother was a lady upon whose heart

the wild and beautiful spirit which pervaded the native literature of her country had made a deep impression, and that feeling, in her teachings, she transmitted to her son. Curran, even as a child, was familiar with all those old bardic songs and tales of legendary lore with which the wandering fiddler or piper, the humble disciple of the learned bards of old, still loves to entertain his listeners around the hospitable peasants' hearth. It was from sources such as this and from the suggestions which the wild scenery around him gave, that first sprang the flame of eloquence which fired the heart of Curran. So he grew up; a lithe, active boy, with a brown, sun-burned face, but with an eye that blazed from beneath his heavy brow with the lightning's fire. In disposition, it is true he was somewhat wild, but he was never vicious. His courage, his kindness and his wit made him a general favorite with young and old. But were I to relate all that is said or which might be said of his youth and early manhood, I should trespass too far upon your time. A short sketch of his early days at college and at the bar, and I come to the great point of interest in his life—his entrance upon the political arena of his country. Curran's life as a student was the hardest and most trying that was ever passed by a man. At college he read

some, but not deeply. The spirit that animates his speeches seems to come not so much from the classics as from the tales and legends of his native land. Whilst he was reading for the bar at London, his life was a continual struggle, and the training that he underwent to perfect himself in the art which he had chosen, more severe than that of any Greek. Like Demosthenes, he had defects of person and of voice to overcome—serious and glaring defects—but his perseverance at last surmounted them. His voice was weak and piping, but by constantly reading aloud and carefully noting and correcting his faults of pronunciation and delivery, it was changed to a clear, finely-modulated, ringing tone. His manner was stiff and ungraceful, but by practice before a mirror he soon acquired an easy and unembarrassed gesticulation. In fine, if all the obstacles be considered which he had to contend with, when we see to what a standard of perfection he brought himself by his own simple and unaided efforts, we are compelled to wonder at his power of will and determination. Nothing daunted him or caused him to waver in his course. Poverty, his own defects, the discouragements of his friends, the scorn and insults of enemies, were all alike and at last surmounted, and at the age of twenty-five he was admitted to the bar. But before I speak of his legal labors, let me say a few words about the state of the great sea of political life upon which he so boldly launched himself, and of the abilities he possessed to buffet with the rough breakers and to steer clear of its hidden sands and dangerous reefs.

Since the beginning of the 18th century the policy of England towards subjected Ireland had been most oppressive. Though Ireland had, nominally, a parliament of her own, yet, when English tyranny wished to accomplish its unjust designs upon her unhappy people, that parliament was of no avail; indeed, so much was it under the control of England's minions, that it was rather a curse than a benefit. Hence arose the great quarrel for reform which has not, even yet, ended between England and her Irish subjects. So numerous and outrageous had the acts of tyranny and injustice become which the Irish people had to suffer from their English masters that, at last, they were roused to redress their wrongs. Protests were made, in which Protestant as well as Catholic, Irish Saxon as well as Irish Celt, joined in petitioning for a reformation. They were disregarded. It seemed that the English policy was to crush into dust the spirit of the conquered nation, to humiliate and reduce to wretched beggary the noble people who had so long and bravely contended against her despotic arms. But the Irish people would not "lie tamely down beneath the despot's feet." They resisted bravely. They rebelled! The standard of insurrection was raised and anarchy brooded o'er the land. The withering blast of war swept like a cyclone over mountains and valleys and its track was marked by streams of blood.

"Blood and destruction were then so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers did but smile when they beheld  
Their infants quartered by the hands of war."

But at last, unable any longer to



hold their own against England's overwhelming arms, the poor peasants were beaten down. From the dawn of the 18th century to its close, Ireland was a scene of continual slaughter. The whole country became a prey to fiends in human form, who, in the name of law, but in open violation of the Justice of Almighty God, were allowed to commit deeds the most outrageous that the dark catalogue of crime could furnish. Men who possessed the influence of wealth or position, but without one principle of honor or religion, were given unlimited power over the lives and property of thousands. Often, for a mere blood-thirsty whim of some petty tyrant, the poor peasant was driven from his home at midnight to perish on the highway, trodden down and crushed to death beneath the horses' feet of his oppressors, or, without a trial or a hearing, hung before the door of his own dwelling, his death agonies lighted up by the conflagration of his humble household gods; and when at last, death, in mercy, had released his soul, his body, yet warm and quivering with scarce departed life, was flung amidst the reeking embers of his ruined home, and left to be the vulture's prey till charity should bury it. Is this too horrible a picture? If so it is but the *horrid truth*. Such scenes as these were common. Such scenes were they that greeted Curran's eyes and which he himself has graphically described. With the teachings of a beloved mother still fondly treasured in his breast, with the memory of the ancient glory of his native land still fresh around his heart, and his country's wild, impressive scenery before

his eyes, is it any wonder that Curran should love that country? Is it any wonder that he should proclaim himself the champion of Ireland's right, and that he should fight her battles to the last?

At the bar, his diffidence at first kept him from rising; but a chance soon came to awaken the dormant energies of his soul, and to direct their awful force against the oppressors of his country. Father Neale, a Catholic priest, had been shamefully abused by Lord Doneraile, a creature of England. The priest had been arrested for refusing to obey an infamous order from the *noble lord*. Not a lawyer could be found who would defend him. Curran volunteered; he threw his whole soul into the defense. The scathing words that fell from his lips burned like coals of fire into the guilty souls of Lord Doneraile and his recreant companions. For the first time, a corrupt and bigoted jury forgot penal laws and noble lords, and in the light of that young orator's eloquence, seeing only God, justice and humanity, gave a verdict for the priest. Curran was amply rewarded. From that day forth he took his place as an orator by the side of Grattan, Flood and Burke. As a pleader he ranks alone, unequaled.

Throughout the dark and stormy times of '98, Curran was ever active and fiery in his efforts to defend the victims of English oppression. The Catholics were fighting for emancipation in repeal of the penal laws, and at last they won the fight, though the struggle was terrible and bloody. While it was yet almost treason to speak of Catholic emancipation, Cur-



ran made his greatest speech in defense of Rowan. Alexander Hamilton Rowan had been arrested as the author of a libelous paper against the British government calling for universal emancipation. England had put this man upon trial for his life, for advocating a great fundamental principle of her own Constitution—that Constitution which, in the ever-memorable words of the immortal pleader himself, “makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from the British soil, that proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground upon which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of *universal emancipation*. No matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him, no matter in what disastrous battle his liberties may have been cloven down, no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain the altar and the god sink together in the dust, his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!”

But not Curran’s eloquence could save the prisoner from his intended doom. Had Justice herself descended from her heavenly throne and stood at the bar to plead for Alexander Hamilton Rowan, and had tearful Mercy, kneeling by her sister’s side, addressed *her* prayers to those iron-hearted Judges, *I doubt*, I DOUBT if one man

of that jury would have dared upon his life to bring in a verdict of NOT GUILTY! England’s tyranny had so bound the Irish nation down, soul and body, for Time and Eternity, that no antidote could prevent the death of the poor wretch upon whose throat it had once fixed its gory fingers. “There *was* an antidote—a *Juror’s oath*. But even that adamant chain that once bound the integrity of man to his Creator was solved and melted in the breath that issued from the *Informers’* mouth. Conscience swings from her moorings and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.” But Rowan escaped and fled to France, and Curran still battled on. But at last the warfare ceased, Ireland as a nation passed out of existence; her parliament gone, her courts filled with soldiers, hired informers and assassins, where was there a ray of hope? Curran saw that Ireland was lost and despair seemed to have settled upon him. His country had been the idol of his dreams, and when he saw his labors ineffectual, bitter sorrow filled his heart. Often it was his wont to go to the green field where his petted little daughter Gertrude lay buried, and there, casting himself upon her grave, he would weep for his darling and his native land. He had lived only for Ireland, and he saw, when age and affliction had bowed him down, and disease had undermined his life, that he had almost lived in vain, and this thought increased his sorrow. In London he was stricken with paralysis while sitting at the table of the poet Moore. That was in the year 1817, in the sum-

mer. When autumn came; when the leaves were falling and the bleak winds were moaning through the dismantled trees, he grew worse; he seemed to have a presentiment of approaching death. He visited Ireland, and on his return he told his friends that he was going to die. On the 8th of October he was stricken with apoplexy, and on the 14th, at

night, that great light of genius went out—forever. He lies now in Glasnevin, beneath a plain tomb that bears only the simple inscription: "Curran." Let his faults be buried in his grave; his virtues will live forever in characters as lasting as monumental brass, engraven deep on every grateful Irish heart.

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### THE MASSACRE OF CHIOS.

THE following translation of an original poem in the Romaic or modern Greek language, by an eminent living author (the Prince Pitzipios,) may serve to call the attention of some of our readers to a language which follows the ancient model more closely than any other now spoken; which may, indeed, be said with greater propriety to be *identical with*, than to be based upon, the language of Plato and Demosthenes, and which, being thus identical, cannot fail to possess much of the power and beauty of the grand old Hellenic tongue. Retaining the same characters, the same accentuation, and to a great extent the same inflexions—though in its long purgatory under the stolid and crushing tyranny of the Turkish despots it has undoubtedly suffered the *pœna damni* as regards its *copia verborum*—not only has it strong recuperative and assimilative power, by means of which it may yet make good many of its losses, from the inexhaustible storehouse of the ancient tongue, but even those very losses have not been without their counterbalancing gains. In poetry the Greeks of the present day follow the practice of other modern nations, having discarded quantity, made accent paramount, and even admitted rhyme. We do not say that these changes are improvements; but they at least show the versatility of the language and its capability of adaptation to modern ideas. It should be added that the translator of the present poem has kept precisely to the metre and arrangement of the original Greek, his object being to present it to American readers with the smallest possible change.

Full of death and full of glory swells the trumpet's cheerly sound,  
As it wakes us to the battle, 'gainst the dogs of false Mahound.  
Holy war has Greece been waging for a year—nor, yet, for twain:  
Vol. II—8.



Breaks the solemn morn that minds her of the Lamb for sinners slain. (1.)  
 Isle of Chios, fair and famous, like the Lord's thy bitter fate !  
 Victim thou, for all thy nation, to the unbeliever's hate !

Vainly ring the groans of Christians through that Greek and Christian air:  
 Back the pitying mountains echo fresher wailings of despair.  
 Tender women, 'scaping frenzied, as the flames behind them meet,  
 Reck not of the kindred corpses trampled by their gory feet.  
 Fiercely clang the Moslem sabres: shrill the Christian shrieks resound:  
 Earthward fall the victims, lifeless, with a dull and heavy sound.  
 In the arms of wife or daughter—in a mother's last embrace —  
 Sinks beneath that dismal slaughter ev'ry man of Chiot race.

See—oh, see—a score of sabres pierce yon matron's honored breast;  
 E'en the babe unborn forth tearing from its home of secret rest !  
 See yon maiden—struggling—fainting—by her wildly flowing hair,  
 Clammy with a father's life-blood, dragged to slav'ry and despair !  
 See those babes (till now, how treasured!), forth among the rough rocks cast,  
 Wailing, sighing, faintly crying—dying piteously at last !

Hear the flames of burning homesteads like a thousand forges roar;  
 Whilst the massive timbers crackle, and the fiery clouds uproar !  
 Scorch, ye flames; and glow, ye timbers ! Can ye dry that streaming blood ?  
 Nay, 'tis still a lake o'erbrimming—still a winter torrent's flood !  
 Blood and dust and smoke and fire—stones, and bodies newly dead,  
 Mix, and in their fierce alliance form a chaos wild and dread.

Now the shrieks of dying victims drown the roaring of the fire,  
 All together strangely blending in one yell of horror dire:  
 Now again the angry fire, with reverberating roar,  
 From the sounding hills back echoes, louder, fiercer than before.

Desolate the once fair island; hideous ruins load the ground:  
 Lofty church and lowly cabin dismal doom alike have found.  
 Plato first, our saintly Primate, on the shameful gibbet dies,  
 Hosts of nobles nobly leading through the gallows to the skies:  
 Then, in mad, promiscuous slaughter, by the bullet or the knife,  
 Meaner victims—forty thousand—for their country yield their life.

On the plains of slavish Asia, or 'mid Afric's burning sands,  
 Pine in weary life-long bondage all who 'scape the murderers' hands.  
 Widowed mothers there are wailing for the children they have borne;  
 Daughters, lemans of the Moslem; Paynim sons, their Lord who scorn.

God, who sent'st the vengeful lightning of those wondrous days of yore  
 Upon Dathan and Abiram (2), in "the gainsaying of Core,"  
 When the incense cloud up-floated from unconsecrated fire,  
 As with rash rebellious worship they provoked Thy righteous ire—  
 How canst Thou, O Lord Almighty, with Thy holy eyes and pure,  
 See the deeds of these blasphemers, and in patience still endure ?  
 E'en thy mysteries all holy, on which angels fear to gaze,

(1.) The massacre of Chios occurred on Good Friday, 1822. (2.) Sic in orig.



Bowing down their radiant faces, full of reverence and amaze—  
Hands profane in mockery cast them to the dogs that roam the street,  
Feet of infidels down-tread them—howls of scorn their fragments greet ! [twain ?  
How withholdst Thou, Lord, Thy thunders ? Earth, why gap'st not—quick—in  
Sky, why pour'st not down thy brimstone on these mockers' heads like rain ?

Look no more, O Sun, on Chios, lest the brightness of thy sheen  
Be the blazonment of horrors such as earth has never seen.  
Henceforth, when thy rising brilliance gilds the blue Ægean wave,  
Murky be the clouds that shroud thee from the island martyrs' grave !

Stay not, sailor, as thou paces St. Hypatius' Esplanade,  
Harkening for the well-known footstep of thy faithful Chiot maid !  
Look not for the girls of Chios on St. Assomatus' shore:  
From the isle their beauty brightened they are gone forever more.  
Seest thou not this land thou treadest is a land of death and fear ?  
Vainly, vainly, foreign sailor, seekst thou laughing maidens here.  
Holding fast their virgin honor, some have sunk beneath the sword;  
Others, captives to the Moslem, yield them to a fate abhorred.  
And the youths who, that same morning, in their joyous strength uprose,  
On their corpses, stark and ghastly, perch the vultures and the crows.

Parthene (3), go hide thy waters, foul and dim with murderous stain,  
'Neath yon mountains that uptower as in memory of the slain !  
Fade, fair trees that o'er our homesteads cast your ever-grateful shade !  
Fade, sweet flow'rs that deck our gardens! Roses, lilies, jasmines, fade !  
Ye, too, perfume-laden masticks, dear to every Christian heart (4),  
O, keep back those sparkling gum-drops, and let bitter tears upstart !

Fitly, Tragic Muse, thy numbers thus our island griefs unfold;  
For, in hard prosaic story, tale so sad might ne'er be told:  
Nay, I falter, though thou aid'st me, and my words, half uttered, die;  
For the ghastly, ghastly victims!—O, I see them flitting by !

(3.) A river in Chios, on the banks of which public promenades took place. (4.) Because gum-mastic is used for incense in the service of the altar.

## MATHILDE.

IT was a bleak Decemhernight, the snow fell thick and fast, and a cold north wind roared in heavy gusts around the huge mansions and palaces of Paris. The rich are happy that those massive walls are between them and the storm, that they have warm rooms and blazing fires to shield them from the cold; well can they bid defiance to its violence, and laugh when its angry breath rattles around their windows and casements; they know not what it is to be exposed to its merciless fury. With the poor, alas! the case is different, vastly different. It is they who feel its piercing blasts; their miserable hovels offer but weak protection; their small fires give forth but little warmth; their clothing is ragged and threadbare; the freezing air pierces their emaciated bodies, wasted with want and hunger.

In a little cottage in the environs of the city lies our scene. Within a room whose only furniture consists of a few broken chairs and a rough deal table, whose unplanned floor is covered by no carpet, and whose single ornament is the portrait of a soldier that hangs over the fireplace, sits a young girl. Her chair is drawn near the hearth, on which a small, very small, fire is burning. Her small white hands ply the needle quickly over a piece of embroidery that rests on a frame before her. She is about fifteen years of age, although the stamp on her forehead which rests on her brow might

lead one to believe her to be much older. Her eyes are swollen with weeping, and even now a tear, like a pearl, is coursing down her cheek. Her rich brown hair falls in wavy masses over her back; her form is clothed in a neat but threadbare dress. Every now and then she shivers and draws her scanty shawl tighter as a blast of cold wind, heavier than usual, comes roaring down the chimney.

By the side of Mathilde lies a little boy. His eyes are closed in sleep; his chubby lips part in a smile; he is the very image of content. His dress, like his sister's, is much worn, but clean. Alfred is just rounding his eighth year. On a small bed, in another quarter of the room, rests the mother of these two children. Her features are careworn and pallid with want and pain. Like her son, she slumbers, but her sleep is restless and uneasy. She tosses from side to side—her head is burning with fever. Every now and then her lips murmur a gentle prayer, begging for strength and fortitude to bear her poverty and distress.

Such is the residence and family of Madame D'Auban, the widow of a brave officer, who had fallen fighting for his country. \* \* \*

The hours wear silently away, and morn begins to break, but Mathilde is working on—bread must be purchased for her suffering mother and little brother. Meanwhile Alfred awakes.



"Dear Mathilde," he says, rubbing his eyes; "I am very hungry. Have we nothing to eat? Is there not a little crust in the pantry for our breakfast?"

"We have nothing now, dear brother," sighed the sister; "but as soon as this work is finished, I will carry it to the madame, who promised me a louis d'or for it, and then we will have such a breakfast!"

The eyes of Alfred lit up with pleasure at the thought of the anticipated feast.

"Mathilde, my girl," murmured the invalid, "is it not to-day that the landlord comes after his rent?"

"Yes, mother."

"And we have no money to pay him?"

"No, mother; but I will beg him to grant us a respite. I will explain to him our misery and want, and I am sure he will give us time to meet his demands. He cannot be so hard-hearted as to—to—" But the poor girl's speech failed her, and she burst into tears.

"God protect my dear children," and the poor invalid, alike overcome with emotion, fell back sobbing on her pillow.

"But, mother, darling mother! Oh! do not cry. Even if my entreaties do prove vain, we have still one refuge left," and she pointed to a golden locket which hung from her neck.

The storm has ceased, and the genial sun pours down his rays upon the cold, frozen earth, causing volumes of steam to rise and float in the air. Two o'clock in the afternoon is past, and still the family of the widow

are engaged in nearly the same occupations as when we last saw them.

Suddenly there comes a loud knock at the door: "My God, there he is," sighed Mathilde, as rising she opened it, admitting a man. He is a tall, gruff fellow, with a pair of piercing, restless, grey eyes, that dart out from behind a screen of shaggy eyebrows. A scraggy beard, which apparently has never known the comb, covers his face. In his hand, hard and battered, he holds a walking-stick, a huge knotted piece of bog-wood, which, judging from appearances, resembles closely his character. This man is the dreaded landlord.

"Girl," he began, "I suppose you know that your rent is due?"

"I know it," replied Mathilde, "and I am very sorry to say that we have no money to pay you. O, sir; look at my sick mother, deprived of the most common comforts of life. There is my little brother; no food has passed his lips to-day, not even a crust. Oh! I earnestly beg of you to grant us a respite, a week or two, that we may obtain the money to meet your demands. O, sir, do not refuse me this favor. Grant what I ask, and God will surely reward you for your generosity." She sank on her knees before him; the beautiful maiden before that rough, hard-hearted man, and on her knees she remained, her face hid in her hands, till he, drawing back a pace or two, replied:

"And what the devil is your brother, or yourself, or your mother, to me? She can die for all I care, and you with her, as long as I get my rent."



"Oh! sir, you cannot be so cruel," cried Mathilde, through her tears.

"Here, no more of your blubbering. I give you till to-morrow to pay the rent, and if you are not ready with it then, out into the street you go, sick mother and all."

"Do not say so; O, do not say so. If you have one sentiment of humanity in your heart, pity our distress."

"Enough, enough; you had better be getting my money, for if you don't, you know what will follow," and the demon laughed, as if it were a good joke. "So, now good morning," he resumes, "and remember, at this time to-morrow;" and now he goes away, slamming the door after him so violently that, with an affrighted start, the poor mother opens her eyes, and calls to Mathilde.

Mathilde moves not, but lies motionless on the floor, fainting. The poor mother is unable to come to her assistance. She cannot rise from her bed; she can only lie still and pray God to help her poor child, whilst little Alfred, his face wet with tears, bathes his sister's head till she is again conscious.

Soon she arose and approached the invalid's couch. "Mother," she said, "I have pleaded in vain, and now we have but one refuge left: to part with this beloved locket and father's picture. Kiss it once more, dear mother, ere it goes to purchase food; and you, Alfred, look once more at your noble father." The child approached, and after kissing the miniature, he raised his eyes to his sister's face, and said: "What is Mathilde going to do with papa's picture?"

"It will buy some bread, Alfred," answered she.

"Oh, dear good picture!" he cried, "hasten and buy us some bread!"

"Now, mother," said Mathilde, "I will go to the church and pray God to help us. I am sure he will not forsake us in this dreadful hour. Come, Alfred, you shall go with me, and pray to your Father in Heaven."

With a joyful cry the child followed her, and together they walked through the crowded streets of Paris, till they stood under the vast roof of Notre Dame. They advanced to the altar, and fell on their knees before the Most High. All was still in the great church. Everything proclaimed the presence of God, and from the inmost recesses of her heart did Mathilde breathe her prayer: "God, sweet Jesus, look down from Thy throne in Heaven upon Thy servant's misery. Compelled to part with the picture of a beloved father to purchase bread; compelled to witness the misery and agony of the best of mothers, laid prostrate by disease; obliged to listen to the harsh threats of a cruel man; to see an innocent little brother almost dying of starvation, oh! it is almost too much; but still, my Lord, not my will, but Thine be done. Spare my mother and brother; protect and help them, and if this misery and poverty are sent by Thy most just hand as a punishment, O let the vials of Thy wrath be poured on the head of Thy unworthy daughter alone. Dear Jesus, hear my prayer, and despise not my petition." The tender girl was overcome. She sank back unconcious upon the cold marble of the church. Alfred raised her head

into his lap; he kissed her white cheek and began to weep bitterly.

Suddenly he was conscious of some one bending over him, and looking up, he beheld a noble lady. "Dear, dear lady," cried the little fellow, "make my sister open her eyes."

"Yes, my little boy," replied the lady. "She will wake in a moment. Run to my carriage; it stands at the door, and tell the coachman to procure some wine as quickly as possible. Your sister is sadly in want of nourishment; so make haste and we will soon have her as well as ever."

Alfred sprang away on his errand, and the lady, bending over Mathilde, chafed her cold hands and applied a scent-bottle to her nostrils. Ere long a deep sigh and the name of Jesus, proclaimed the return of consciousness.

The poor girl slowly opened her eyes and looked round her. "Where am I?" she murmured.

"You are in the church, my child," answered the lady; "and I trust you are feeling better?"

"Yes, madame, thank you, much better," said Mathilde; "I am able to go home now. But where is Alfred, my little brother?"

"He has gone to fetch some wine to strengthen you before you return home; but, come, I will support you to the vestibule, and meanwhile, tell me something of your history, and scruple not to inform me if I can help you in anything."

Mathilde glanced at the grand lady decked in silks and furs, and then at her own patched dress, and a burning blush suffused her face. "Madame,"

she said, "ours has been a history of sorrow, but we were not always as we are now—not when my noble father was living. But alas! those days are gone. To-day, madame, a brutal landlord threatened to turn us into the street, if we pay not his rent by this time to-morrow. My mother lies sick in bed, and I am even now on my way to sell this trinket, the last link that binds me to happier times, in order to purchase bread."

"Poor child, poor child!" said the lady, her eyes filled with tears. "Can it be possible, that one so beautiful can be reduced to such poverty? Here, take this bill and pay your rent," and she drew one from her purse, and put it in Mathilde's hand. Mathilde glanced at it; it was an order for a hundred francs.

"Madame, I cannot accept this," she said, "our rent is only five francs, and this is of one hundred."

"Keep it, keep it, child," said the lady, "it is none too much for your needs."

"But I cannot," said Mathilde, "so, madame, you will oblige me very much by taking it back."

"Well, be it so; here is an order for thirty francs, accept it instead."

The eyes of Mathilde lit up with pleasure, as she placed the note safely in her pocket; and then did she fully realize that God had not forsaken her.

"Here is your brother, my child," said the lady, "and I see he has the wine. Take a glass of it now; it will give you strength; and carry the rest home to your mother," and taking the bottle and glass from Alfred, she poured out a measure and handed



it to her. "Now, my child, tell me your name and the place where you live. I will come and see you soon."

"My name is Mathilde D'Auban, and I live in the Rue de Narvé."

"D'Auban," murmured the lady; "the name seems familiar to me. Will you allow me to look at your locket, my child?"

"With pleasure, madame," and Mathilde, smiling, handed it to her.

As soon as the lady beheld the miniature, she exclaimed: "Can this be really possible? Truly this is terrible. But good-bye, child; God bless you. Here is the locket. I will see you again in a short time," and she hastened away.

After uttering a prayer of thanksgiving to God, Mathilde took Alfred by the hand, and soon they were wending their way home with light and thankful hearts and features beaming with joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning madame was sitting in her home reading, but one could see clearly that she took no interest in her book. Every now and then she would pause, as if thinking. "Can it be so?" she murmured. "Am I not mistaken? But, no! it was Captain D'Auban's picture that she showed me, and she said it was her father. I must, must see." She pulled the bell-cord, and a servant answered her summons.

"What would madame wish?" he said.

"Have the carriage ready in half an hour."

The servant bowed and departed, and a half hour later the lady entered her carriage. "Drive to the

Military Hotel," she said to the coachman. After rumbling over the pavements for some minutes, the carriage stopped at the hotel, and a footman was sent to inquire if General Le Franc was at home.

In a few moments the General appeared at the carriage door.

"Monsieur, you remember Captain D'Auban, who so distinguished himself in Africa, and who was killed at the battle of Farnace?"

"I remember him very well, madame. The government has granted his widow a pension, and I have tried repeatedly to find where she lives at present, but thus far my efforts have been vain."

"Monsieur, I know where the family lives, and I regret that they are in the greatest misery. Madame D'Auban is confined to her bed; her children are compelled to starve themselves for their food, and to crown all, a brutal landlord threatens to eject them from their home to-morrow if they do not pay his rent."

"They shall be relieved, madame," said the General. "I will see to this matter at once."

"Come to my house this afternoon, General, and I will conduct you to her abode."

\* \* \* \* \*

Everything in the widow's house is changed. A brisk fire burns on its hearth, and its table is spread with good substantial food. The invalid is sleeping quietly. Mathilde busies herself preparing some broth for her, while Alfred stands at the window looking out. Suddenly he exclaims: "Mathilde, see what a beautiful car-

riage is coming up the street, and I declare, it is stopping here."

Mathilde ran to the window just in time to see her lady friend and four officers approach the door. She immediately flew to open it, and welcome them.

The lady smiled and said: "I hope you are better, my child, than you were yesterday, and also that your mother is improving. I have brought these gentlemen to conduct a little business with her."

Madame D'Auban had awakened, and was gazing with surprise on the scene before her, but madame quickly assured her, and by the time Gen. Le Franc approached with a document, she was quite calm.

After expressing his regret at finding such a deplorable condition, General Le Franc requested her to read the document, and affix her signature. The poor widow read it, and her eyes lit up with joy and gratitude.

It was a statement that she was the widow of Captain Louis D'Auban, which the government required before it could grant her pension. When she reached the end, her eyes were filled with tears of joy, and taking a pen, she, with a trembling hand, subscribed her name. Then in a voice

broken with emotion, she thanked God and them for her happiness.

Hardly had she concluded, when a rough knock was heard at the door, and the landlord appeared. He stepped back a step or two when he found in whose presence he was, but quickly recovering himself, he said: "Well, girl, have you the rent?"

"Yes, thank God," replied Mathilde, "here it is," and she handed him a bank note. "We will this very day quit the house of a——"

"A brute like you," added the General. "And now, sir, leave the room this instant, before I lay my walking-stick across your shoulders."

The man retired, as did the lady and the officers shortly afterward. That very day the D'Aubans left the house for better dwellings, and the widow, placed under the care of a skillful physician, soon recovered her health. She never forgot the debt of gratitude she owed to the noble lady. The General sent Alfred to school at his own expense, and Mathilde, dear good Mathilde, married with a rich and respectable young gentleman. She made as devoted and loving a wife as she had done a daughter.



## A STRANGE NARRATION.

## THE PRELUDE.

IN the year 1865, certain matters of importance compelled me to make a business tour through the southern portion of Canada. While doing so, the following queer story came to my ears. The starting place of my journey was Stanstead, where I arrived early in January. After completing my business at that place, I made all preparations to start immediately for Lombton on Lake St. Francois. It was now the depth of a winter which, in its severity, had been unequalled for many years. The roads were rendered nearly impassable by the late heavy falls of snow. The several streams which it would be necessary for me to cross were now foaming torrents. The way that I was to take, being seldom traversed, was destitute of stations where a change of horses might be procured, and, to "cap the climax," I should most likely meet with some very rough personages before I could reach my destination. All the difficulties and drawbacks that might be encountered on the journey were presented by mine host in glowing or rather sombre colors; but my mind was made up, and that day I set out for Lombton. The first day passed off without anything worthy of note transpiring, and without my having encountered any difficulties. This led me to think that the gloomy stories related by the

landlord at Stanstead were bugbears, used in order to make me stay a longer time at his house. With a light heart I commenced the journey of the second day. Seventy-five miles' riding, and the lake was reached. But now I began to notice that thick cloud banks, of a dark leaden hue, were driving in from the north, and by noon they extended over the whole vault of heaven. A dark gloom succeeded the bright sunlight; birds, with shrill cries, sought their nests in haste. The air became stilled; the temperature, from being cold and raw, changed rapidly and became several degrees warmer. Everything betokened the approach of a heavy snow-storm. By five o'clock the snow began to fall in large flakes, which in a short time covered myself and the horse I rode. Feeling that I was growing numb, and fearing to lose my way, I struck spurs into the flanks of the horse, and urging him on at the utmost speed by voice and whip, used every endeavor to reach a shelter from the blinding storm. After an hour's rapid riding a light was to be perceived in the dim distance. Elated at the sight, I pushed the jaded animal again into a gallop, and before long reached the little village of Gould. Riding through its only street, which was now deserted, I dismounted at the first inn found, and without hesi-

tation entered the narrow doorway. The house was small, but in excellent order. I was shown to a neat little chamber where, before a roaring fire, my wet outer garments were soon drying. After supper, finding it wearisome remaining alone, I joined the family, who were in the kitchen enjoying the warmth sent out by the glaring logs from the wide brick fireplace. Around the fire were seated five persons—the landlord, his wife, the parish clerk of Gould and two servants. They received me cordially, and made room for me before the fire. The storm was now at its height. The snow lay many feet deep on the ground, and still continued to fall. The wind howled around the little inn; the sign-board creaked mournfully on its hinges at every gust, and Egyptian darkness reigned without. In short, no one could have thought of being willingly out of doors on such a night. To pass pleasantly through an hour of the evening, the parish clerk offered to relate the facts of an occurrence that had taken place many years ago in a neighboring town. Their truthfulness he could vouch for, as at the time when they first came to be noised abroad, he was a resident of the town, and an acquaintance of the different parties. As nearly as I can remember, thus ran

#### THE STORY.

Northwest of Gould lies the county of Richmond. In Richmond, the county seat, I spent the early years of my life. When I was about eight years old, a certain Thomas Akwright came and took up his residence there. He was a tall and powerfully built

man, of some thirty-eight years of age. He seemed to be well educated with

“A knowledge both of books and human kind.”

His manners were polished, and all his actions those of a well-bred gentleman. It was soon spread by the gossips of the town, that he had brought with him quite a large sum of money of American coinage. However, whether their reports of his wealth were true or false, he soon showed that he did not intend to lead a life of idleness, for in less than two months after his arrival, he had fitted up one of those general-merchandise stores, common in country towns, and commenced business in it. At first he took to the trade with awkwardness, as if he had never been used before to such affairs, but soon this wore off, and in a short time he became noted as the sharpest and most enterprising among the dealers of the town. In the course of time he gradually overcame the repugnance and distrust with which the inhabitants of country towns generally regard interloping strangers, and succeeded in gaining the respect and esteem of most of the people of Richmond. Yet, though his business was good and his habits frugal, he never seemed to become the richer for them; at least his manners did not show it, and he was known not to have money in the Bank of Richmond, or invested in any property. When I had reached fifteen years, the news first visited our little village of the vast discoveries of gold made in the far West. The wonderful reports filled the breasts of the young men with insatiable longings



of seeking the new El Dorado. Little was now thought of, talked of, or dreamt about, save the gold fields of California. The general quietness of the town was harshly broken into, and "wild excitement ruled the hour." About twenty of the young men, among whom was my brother William, set out for the newly-found mines. Two weeks after their departure, Akwright, who was then the County Treasurer, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At the time he was conveying the collected taxes of the year, amounting to five hundred pounds, from the surrounding towns of the county to Richmond. Those who had had suspicions, from his first coming, of his integrity, and the propriety of his past career, were now charmed to find that their evil speculations were verified. These were but few, however; the greater number of the townspeople were deeply grieved to think that one so well educated, so refined in manners, intelligent and seemingly virtuous, could be guilty of such a crime. They were willing, in fact, to believe any story which would make his action innocent of guilt. But time passed on, and nothing was brought to light that might serve to clear away the mystery shrouding his sudden departure. Gradually it became the belief of all that he was a defaulter.

Two years after this, Henry Irman, while riding through the forest which lies between Sherbroke and Richmond, met with a most singular adventure. He had been attending to some business in Sherbroke, which had detained him till very late in the night. Notwithstanding the hour, he

saddled his horse and took the road for Richmond with the intention of reaching that place before morning. The night was just such another one as this, and he was somewhat foolhardy to attempt to make the journey. However, he met with no misadventure till he arrived at the forest. His horse was going at a brisk trot along the narrow road that wound among the trees, when, on a sudden, it abruptly stopped. Its ears fell back, its two eyes were starting from their sockets, and its body began to tremble. The spot was the most dismal and forbidding in the wood. To the right, surrounded on three sides by stunted ash trees and a thick undergrowth, lay a stagnant pool of water, its surface covered with slime; on the other, three tall trees, bare of limbs and destitute of foliage, reared their lightning-scathed trunks, high above the neighboring branches into the black darkness. Around the pool the ground was of a swampy nature, and would scarcely bear the weight of a man. Mud and snow, in a liquid form, lay deep in the road. Surprised and nearly precipitated to the ground by the sudden stoppage of his horse, Irman lifted up his head to discover what had caused the fright. As he did so, he half uttered a scream of fear. In the middle of the road, surrounded by an unearthly pale blue light, stood a ghastly resemblance, exact in form and feature, of the long-missing Akwright. The clothes of the apparition were covered with water-weeds and mud, and were torn in many places. From the left side of its forehead, crushed as if by some blunt instrument, there trickled down

the pallid face several narrow streams of thick, clotting blood, mixed with fragments of bone and brains. Irman was appalled by the dreadful appearance of the figure; yet fascinated even by its very horror, he regarded it steadfastly for several minutes. At last sufficient courage returned, to enable him to demand of the spectre what it required. The ghost in hollow tones thus addressed him:

"It may not be that the perturbed spirit of Thomas Akwright cease its weary hauntings of the earth, so long as his memory is execrated. Know then that I was foully dealt with on this very spot; that here I died, and that my corpse lies rotting amid the slime and impurities of yonder pool. While on my way to Richmond with a large sum of money about my person, I was met in this wood by a robber. He demanded the money. I refused, and drew my pistols with the intention of defending myself if necessary, but alas! they were useless. With the bullet of his own weapon he brought me to the ground. I staggered to this spot, where I fainted. He rifled my person, but scarcely had he done so when I recovered my senses. A struggle ensued, and, with the butt of his pistol, he knocked me senseless to the ground. Fearing that the robbery would be discovered, as he saw I had recognized his countenance, he basely murdered me, and cast my yet warm body, freighted with stones, into the pool. Seizing the mon-

ey, he fled from the forest, and by morning he reached Richmond. There, in deep debaucheries, he thought to escape the remembrance of his crime. His efforts were futile, for he was ever haunted by an avenging Nemesis—the ghost of him whom he had slain. Knowing that while he remained in the vicinity of his crime, there was a likelihood of discovery, he fled to the United States. In New York, when attempting to interfere in a quarrel between two of his vile companions, he was stabbed in the side with a knife, and died. Go, make my story known, and have my body buried in hallowed ground."

With these words the spectre vanished. Urged by Irman, the horse now broke into a gallop, and soon brought his master to Richmond. A party of men went to the forest, and found the body of the long missing Akwright in the place and condition described by the apparition, and the townspeople had it buried in sacred ground with all the ceremonies of the Church.

Here the story of the parish clerk ended. With its close, outside the storm had now greatly abated. Little more was said that night, and the few hours that remained I dozed through in my chair before the fire. Next morning the storm was over. Mounting my horse, in five hours I had reached Lombton. The strange story I heard at Gould, on that stormy night, has remained fresh in my remembrance to this day.



## THE FOG BELL.

Tolling, tolling, tolling, where the lazy billows, rolling,  
Sweep majestically onward to the shore;  
Hear the ceaseless knell of that lonely warden bell;  
There's a melancholy spell in each solemn sink and swell  
As we catch it 'neath the breaker's sullen roar.

There is warning in its tone, not unlike a sigh or groan,  
As the sound is wafted to us on the air.  
But its echoes seem to borrow only notes of pitying sorrow,  
And its deep voice murmurs mournfully, "Beware."

It has seen too much of grief, this guardian of the reef,  
And the menace in its tone has long since fled;  
And the iron throat so lusty, now has grown hoarse and rusty,  
While its tolling seems to murmur of the dead.

Yes, yon rusty iron bell, rocked upon the ocean's swell,  
Could it speak, might tell us tales of cruel woe.  
Tales, that long have changed the gladness of its merry tones to sadness;  
Tales of misery and madness which the wild waves only know.

It could tell of tempests dark, how they drove the straining bark  
All unconscious toward the ragged coral-sand;  
How the fated seamen, scorning, heeded not its solemn warning,  
How the misty light of morning, slowly struggling to its dawning  
Had revealed a wreck upon the fated strand.

It could tell how words of prayer entreating God to spare,  
'Mid that strife of air and sea, came sad and low;  
How, above the thunder's growling, e'en above the tempest's howling  
Came the shriek of sea-birds prowling, dismal monitors of woe.

By the lightning's arrowy flight, as it rent the cloak of night,  
Was revealed a sight which froze that iron tongue,  
As a sister clasped a brother, her bright babe a fair young mother,  
And two lovers each the other, seeking thus their grief to smother,  
While the moaning winds their funeral dirges sung.

And the forms of strong men there, living pictures of despair,  
By the dazzling glare were painted clear and bright,  
For too well they heard the knelling of that fog-bell sadly telling  
Of the dangers hid within the womb of Night.

Again the lightning's flash saw the stout ship onward dash  
Where the foaming breakers gnash their cruel teeth—  
Was that sound a sea-bird crying? 'twas a long shriek slowly dying,  
But the wind is hushed and sighing, and the waves are calm beneath.

No! that shriek so clearly heard was not from the wild sea-bird,  
 And 'twas sadder than the zephyr's dying strain,  
 In the storm's hush it came ringing, o'er the waters faintly bringing  
 The despair and heart-ache stinging of poor mortals feebly clinging  
 To this life of fleeting joy and constant pain.

But the bell, throughout the night, as each second took its flight,  
 Rung its melancholy peal upon the air;  
 As when Passion's angry surge drives us over Sin's dark verge,  
 There are voices faint that urge with their low but ceaseless dirge  
 Forbearance, in the whispered words: "Take Care!"

"Take Care!" alas! "Take Care!" what a weight those words declare  
 When *too late* we hearken to their warning tone;  
 In that bell's voice, sad and frightened, there were hints of bright hopes blighted;  
 Of sweet vows, once fondly plighted, now forgotten and unknown.

There's a treasure 'neath the wave where the breakers storm and rave;  
 There are green mounds just above the sandy shore;  
 As the low, sad notes come creeping, o'er the waves, now calmly sleeping;  
 There's a sound of voices weeping, voices never heard before.

Tolling, tolling, tolling, where the lazy billows, rolling,  
 Sweep majestically onward to the shore,  
 Hear the ceaseless knell of that lonely warden bell;  
 There's a melancholy spell in each solemn sink and swell  
 As we catch it 'neath the breaker's sullen roar.

## THE TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE singular characteristics of the American Indians, the severe treatment they have received from the white man, and their many acts of cruelty and revenge, have long engaged the attention, not only of our own country, but of all the civilized nations. Many hold that the course pursued by the colonists of America and their descendants has been perfectly justifiable. Others, on the contrary, assert, that from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, to the present day, the Indians have been persecuted, and have been treated as though they were even inferior to the beasts of the forest. When the true records of the case are brought before us, and facts, and facts alone, are taken into consideration, reason and justice declare against the foes of civilization, against the American Indians. In treating of this question, it is not my intention to justify, or rather, to attempt to justify, the course pursued by the various governments of America toward the aborigines. I shall refer to those In-



dians who have inhabited or inhabit the present United States of America. The reason of this is obvious. Were I to consider the subject in such a general way, instead of being able to treat of it in a short article like this, it would be necessary to write whole volumes, in order to give an idea of the different circumstances influencing the various cases. Therefore, it will be in my province to prove that the first civilized inhabitants of that portion of America now known as the United States, and those who have succeeded them, have in general been justifiable in their treatment of the natives. One of the great arguments adduced by many of the pretended philanthropists of modern times in favor of the Indians is, that the latter owned the soil of America, and therefore the Europeans had no right to settle on that soil without first obtaining the consent of the noble savage. This may be well enough in theory, but experience proves its fallacy in practice. How would it have fared with the early settlers of New England, who, driven by the hand of tyranny from their native land, had encountered the storms of the ocean in a frail and unseaworthy bark—how would it have fared with them, if they had followed the rule of our philanthropists and sought permission from the savage to land on his forbidden coast? That permission would never have been obtained, for the red man, as experience afterwards demonstrated, could not, or rather would not, brook the presence of a pale face on his shores. The Pilgrims would have been forced to return, amid a thousand perils, to the land they had

fled from, and the progress of civilization would have been retarded, merely because the lordly savage disdained to have such a neighbor as the European.

It may be urged that the liberty of establishing a colony would have been given to the Pilgrims had they sought for it. We have no reasons for supposing that any such right would have been granted, while we have the character of the Indian, and many other reasons, for supposing the colonists never would have been allowed that privilege.

What has been said of the first white inhabitants of New England may with reason be applied to the other colonists. And, had this doctrine of bending before the will of the red man been carried out to its full extent, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the United States of America would be unknown to mankind; the poet never could have sung with truth:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Happily for mankind, the early settlers of America were animated with too noble and philanthropic a spirit to leave the virgin fields and unpruned forests in the possession of a barbarous and unprogressive race; the spirit that was foremost in their hearts told them it was their duty to advance, as far as it lay in their power, the cause of enlightenment. In accomplishing this most laudable undertaking many were the trials, many the perils, these undaunted children of civilization were forced to undergo.

It is not my purpose to give even a passing glance at the bloody wars so often waged against the colonists

by the Indians. Suffice it to say, that from the first settlement in America to the present time, the red man has been an implacable foe of the European. With a jealous eye, he has watched from his rocky fastnesses the small but flourishing hamlet of the hated pale face, and, seizing a favorable opportunity, when the unsuspecting settlers, happy in their expectations of future prosperity, were wrapped in the sweets of sleep, the unrelenting savage has rushed upon them, and caring not for age or sex, for grey-haired sires or innocent babes, has slaughtered them without mercy. Nor has this sworn foe to enlightenment paused here. The weary and defenseless traveler has many a time fallen into his power and suffered a death too horrible to be told, were there words capable of portraying it.

Can we wonder, considering all this, that the Indian is fast being extirpated? Can we wonder that the curse of the bereaved mother, who has seen her darling babe butchered by the inhuman marauder, has been heard by a God of Justice?

It has also been argued in defense of the Indians, that they are savages, and consequently nothing better can be expected of them, and, that, therefore, they are not accountable for the atrocities they commit. If this is so, then the Indians must be either devoid of reason, or they must be entirely under the control of their passions.

If the first supposition be a true one, then the red man holds his native soil as the beast of the forest holds the rocky fastnesses whereon he treads;

these are his—the forest is his heritage, until the refulgent beams of the progressive star of civilization arouse him in his lair and summon him forever to depart. Again, were this true, the Indian would be nothing more than a brute, but we know him to be a human being; we also know that a human being differs from brutes by being reasonable. Hence, as an Indian is a human being, or a man, and as reasonableness is a characteristic of man, it clearly follows that the Indian is endowed with reason. If the second supposition be true, namely, that the Indians are entirely under the control of their passions—and this, indeed, appears to be very near the truth—then, after trying all possible means to induce them to walk in the paths of rectitude, it becomes the duty of civilization to put a stop, if it must be, by force, to their headlong and bloody career. And such, in fact, was the course pursued by the colonists, and in after years by the United States Government, towards the aborigines. Few means were left untried to make a lasting peace with the red men and bring them within the pale of civilization. All, however, was in vain—the tomahawk and scalping-knife were ever wet with the white man's blood. The outraged colonists, and afterward their descendants, roused by a sense of the danger which so often menaced them, more than once appealed to arms and wreaked their vengeance on the guilty. Gradually the Indian retreated toward the west, until his war-whoop was no longer heard east of the Mississippi, and civilization reigned in comparative peace. But



the undaunted son of the forest, beholding the prosperity of his foes, burned with a fierce spirit of revenge, and fearing not the danger of utter ruin, still followed his savage and revengeful inclinations, and threatened the annihilation of the white man's race. How many horrible crimes have been perpetrated in endeavoring to carry out this unhallowed threat need not be mentioned. Treachery and perfidy, murder and open warfare, have all been tried by the Indian. Treaty after treaty has been made with him, and how has he preserved his plighted faith? Behold the bones of the white man bleaching on the plains of Arizona; read the accounts daily placed before us of the brutal murder of unoffending travelers, who have been unfortunate enough to fall into the Apache's hands. These glaring facts are surely enough to answer the question.

It is useless to tell us that the Indian has been provoked—that he has never struck the first blow. There may have been a few cases, and they were few indeed, where the white man has been the first to strike. But if now and then, a vagabond, who chances to belong to the European race, has cheated or robbed an Indian, does that justify the course pursued by the latter? Why not send missionaries among them and teach them to walk in the ways of civilization? you will ask. Missionaries by hundreds have gone among these benighted children of nature, and not a few zealous teachers of the truth, have paid for their devotedness at the stake. Still, many of the Indians have listened to the saving words

of the missionary, and have thrown aside the barbarism of their brethren. But the great majority listen not to the precepts before which the civilized world bows down, but, guided by their unbridled passions, endeavor in every possible way to accomplish their unwarrantable design—the destruction of civilization. Treaties, which I mentioned before, as not being respected by the Indians, are a kind of aid to them in their attempt to overturn the institutions of the white man's government. When they find that justice is overtaking them they are willing enough to make peace, but that peace lasts only till the danger is past, and then all the horrors of Indian warfare are renewed. How many treaties has the government of the United States made of late years with the Indians of New Mexico, and the adjacent territories, and frequently, while the pipe of peace was passing from mouth to mouth, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife had been buried, these wretches, who are not uncommonly called truth-loving Indians, were planning for the destruction of the very envoys who had borne them tokens of peace. Reviewing all these indisputable facts, and comparing the few misdeeds committed by the colonists and those who succeeded them, and their frequent propositions for peace, with the streams of blood that the tomahawk has caused to flow, and the uncompromising and unforgiving nature of the savage, we cannot, in truth, assert that the red man's punishment has been, or is, unmerited. Yet there are some who, when they hear of the bloody defeat of a band

of marauding Indians, hold up their hands in horror and forewarn the victors that they will be punished for slaying the innocent. They reflect not that those same Indians have attacked some unguarded village, and either slain its inhabitants on the spot or sought to carry them into a slavery far worse than death. Who then can say that the sword which arrested the progress of such villains was not wielded by the hand of justice? The man who bewails the death of the heartless savage, when the avenger of the weak and defenseless has forced him to forsake forever his unhallowed career, is either entirely misinformed on the subject, or he is the worst of hypocrites. Nevertheless, we should not glory in the merited downfall of a whole people, but *regret* it as a dire necessity.

The sad fate of the American Indian may well be lamented by every true lover of humanity; for it is truly mournful to see an entire race, possessing many noble traits of character, swept from the face of the earth. It

is mournful, likewise, to reflect that the time will come when the red man will be heard of but as the hero of romance. The day is not far distant when his cautious tread will no longer disturb the fallen leaves of the forest, his war cry will no more be heard reverberating among the mountain cliffs, or be reechoed in the stillness of the night.

Such is the impending ruin of the American Indian. And can it be avoided? To this, sadly we must answer, no. When a people obstinately refuse to yield to the dictates of reason; when their battle cry is revenge, and the ruin of civilization is their aim, though we may deplore the spirit that leads them onward, yet we must acknowledge that they have deserved the sentence of extirpation. The man who proves himself a foe to enlightenment, and breaks his plighted faith, at the cost of guiltless blood, shall fall by the hand of justice. But such is the American Indian and such shall be his fate.

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## DANA'S MINERALOGY—ART. II.

SUCH, in short, is the classification of the famous Mohs, founded entirely on the physical properties of minerals, which was recognized for a long time throughout Europe as the most complete method of classification then in existence. In fact, it was the best of any produced up to that time, for, although it had many

faults, they were few in comparison with those of others. Though chemistry had already risen to the dignity of a science, no classification at that time was even partially based upon it; but all were wholly dependent on the physical properties, and of them, that of Mohs was the most complete.



His system, notwithstanding this, is objectionable in many respects. It is unacceptable :

*First*—Because, of the two classes of characters which distinguish minerals, the least important has been chosen. As Dana says : “ Nature rests no great distinction on lustre, hardness, or color, which are mere externals ; ” and, in accordance with this, he ranks the physical properties second to the chemical.

The physical are not as important or as distinguishing as the chemical, because they are variable.

The color shifts ; in the same mineral it often passes from white, through the various shades, to black. The hardness also varies. One variety of a species is often as soft as wax, while another class is as hard as iron. The same is true of the other physical properties, the structure, fracture, lustre, etc. The presence of foreign substances in the mineral, which does not destroy its species, exerts a great influence on these characters. Thus we find that they are not always to be depended upon. In some minerals, the distinguishing property or properties are so insignificant as scarcely to deserve that name. The color of the powder yielded when rubbed, for instance, is no test for minerals, as the color of the powder will often vary according to the number and amount of the variable constituents. The color of a mineral is not always due to the essential constituents, but often to other substances, which are present in small quantities in the mixed state, not in the state of combination, and,

without which, the mineral can as well exist.

We have, for instance, Blende, which is essentially composed of zinc and sulphur. Its usual hue is wax-yellow, but in one variety it is of a dark color, due to the presence of a small quantity of iron.

*Second*—The most heterogeneous substances are associated because they happen to be somewhat similar in one point. This is a natural consequence, when the classification is made to depend solely on the physical characters, since a carbonate may possess the same physical properties which do a silicate, sulphate, etc.

Had the classification been founded on chemistry, this objection, as well as others, would have been avoided ; but this one more especially. In such case we would not have had a mixture of dissimilar substances in the same group, because no two minerals possess the same identical chemical properties. The correct classification should be one, in which the different species of the same class, possess a similarity in nature, as well as in properties, which the mind can easily perceive. The union of heterogeneous substances in one class is contrary to our ideas of order and method, and is, at the same time, repugnant to the mind. In a good classification, there should exist a bond of union among all the different minerals, which are comprised in a single class. In order to have avoided this mixture of dissimilar minerals, Mohs would have been obliged to change the basis of his classification, which he was unwilling to do.

*Third*—It ignores the true affinities of the species, as well as the various cases of isomorphism and pleomorphism, which play such an important part.

*Fourth*—Mineralogy thus deals with nothing but pebbles, of more or less weight, pretty shapes, and agreeable tints. "To learn to distinguish minerals," says Dana, "by their color, weight, and lustre, is so far very well; but the accomplishment is of a low degree of merit, and when most perfect, makes but a poor mineralogist. But when the science is viewed in the light of chemistry and crystallography, it becomes a branch of knowledge, perfect in itself, and surprisingly beautiful in its exhibitions of truth. We are no longer dealing with pebbles of pretty shapes and tints, but with objects modelled by a Divine hand; and every additional fact becomes to the mind a new revelation of His wisdom."

*Fifth*—It is very difficult to imprint on the memory classifications and distinctions not founded upon general laws of nature.

*Sixth*—The determination of the species is very troublesome without the help of chemistry, because all the physical characters, as has been said before, such as density, color, state of aggregation, fracture, etc., are apt to vary much in the same species, or, at least, are seldom so distinct as to be identified with the greatest ease.

The objections which have been enumerated, have induced modern mineralogists to make mineralogy entirely dependent on chemistry. Many of these have written treatises on mineralogy, adopting, at first, Mohs

classification as the basis of theirs, but have afterwards abandoned his system altogether. The most striking example of this change is offered by Dana, who started with the pure, natural system of Mohs, and ended with a system completely founded on chemistry. The following are the subdivisions adopted in his treatise:

I.—Native elements.

II.—Compounds: the more negative element an element of Series II.

1st. Binary: Sulphides, Tellurides, of metals of the Sulphur and Arsenic groups.

2d. Binary: Tellurides, Selenides, Arsenides, Antimonides, Bismuthides, Phosphides, of metals of the Gold, Iron and Tin groups.

3d. Ternary: Sulpharsenites, Sulphantionites, Sulphom-bismuthites.

III.—Compounds: the more negative element an element of Series III, Group I.

1st. Chlorides, Bromides, Iodides.

IV.—Compounds: the more negative element an element of Series III, Group II.

1st. Fluorides.

V.—Compounds: the more negative element an element of Series III, Group III. Oxygen compounds:

1st. Binary: Oxyds.

2d. Ternary: the basic element an element of Series I; the acidic of Series II, (as silicon, columbium, phosphorus, etc.); the acidific of Series III, (Oxygen): 1, Silicates; 2, Columbates, Tantalates; 3, Phosphates, Arsenates, Antimonates, Nitrates; 4, Borates; 5, Tungstates, Molybdates, Vanadates; 6, Sulphates, Chromates, Tellurates; 7, Carbonates; 8, Oxalates.



VI.—Hydrocarbon compounds : minerals of organic origin.

Such is the classification of Dana, founded entirely on chemistry; a pure, simple and natural arrangement, free from the disorder which characterizes that of Mohs. It will be seen that he has no heterogeneous mixtures; but all the minerals grouped together in one class, have several properties in common. The principal advantages of this system are :

*First*—The chemical as well as the physical characters are recognized. This is evident from the classification.

*Second*—The true affinities of the species are not overlooked.

*Third*—We gain, so to speak, an insight into the constitution of the species; we begin to understand, why they are, what they are.

*Fourth*—The classification being founded on the composition, if we know the composition of an individual mineral, we know immediately, without the possibility of a doubt, the place it occupies in the general system.

*Fifth*—The names of classes, being taken from chemistry, are already familiar to the student.

*Sixth*—The determination of minerals is comparatively easy, when chemicals means are added to the examination of the physical characters.

We come then to the conclusion that the introduction of chemistry renders mineralogy more intelligible, interesting and systematic.

Let us hope that as important a reform will soon take place in the

nomenclature, which is as yet a stumbling block to most students. Most of the names of minerals are barbarous, unpronounceable, and very difficult to remember. Every one knows this who is acquainted with mineralogy; but none more so, than the student who has spent hours, and perhaps days, in endeavoring to fix the names of some minerals in his memory. As a general rule, the most insignificant minerals possess the most pompous names, which often leads the student to suppose that they are the most important. If it is advisable for him to become acquainted with them, they should be given appropriate names—names which will at once indicate the mineral, its nature and composition. Besides, the synonyms are so numerous as to be a real nuisance. This is another evil, which greatly increases the present confusion of the science. If all the various synonyms were abolished, and proper names given to the minerals, it would be a pleasure with many to study the science, instead of being a task, as it is now. Why not adopt a systematic nomenclature, similar to that used by chemists? The difficulties, no doubt, are great, especially on account of isomorphism, and the complex composition of many minerals; but surely they are not unsurmountable.

If the different species had names, which would immediately present to the mind the mineral intended to be designated, and that could not possibly be made to apply to any other, the study of mineralogy would be amazingly simplified.

## IDLE NOTES.

## A PULLMAN TRAIN TO SCIENCE.

THERE is much talk in the College journals which hail from beyond the backbone of the continent, on the subject of the marking system, namely, the daily noting by the professor of each man's proficiency exhibited in recitation. Some of the "white-winged messengers" avow their adherence to the system; others, who are the greater portion of those that implicate themselves at all, endeavor to slide away from its grasp. Columbia College, in the city of New York, dispensed with it for a time, only to resume the marks again. The *Cap and Gown*, however, a paper emanating from that institution, avers that a fair trial was not allowed the opposite plan. Of necessity a substitute is proposed, but, *mirabile visu*, a substitute decidedly leaning towards the ease of its student adherents. There shall be no account taken of each day's recitation, and thus G. Theodolite Parallax, who is a hard worker, will stand on a level with Mr. Decatur Trireme, who indulges much in nothing in general. When the day is ended, P. will enjoy satisfaction, and T. will not, and that is all. Trireme discerns no very evident present encouragement to study: he argues, that to-day, which is an unmistakably fine day for this or that affair, it matters little whether we are up or not in the lines or lecture. To-morrow is as

like to-day as one pea to its brother. All reckoning, by this new method, is suffered to be computed on the examinations alone. In this way there is immense encouragement to neglect during the course of lectures or classes. We enjoy the marking system here, and nothing can be more just than the distribution of honors with the conclusion of each month, and premiums at that of the college year.

## THE CLASSICS.

The possession of the classics is to the mental man what a becoming form of the coat is to the outer. A person may be steeped in other learning—the abstract and the occult sciences be folioed in his brain; or, like the wisdom of Burke, a spirit of prophecy, invoked with the magic volume of the past, attend his utterance, but his culture lacks polish. As a writer, he will never be a rival of the classical student, for he does not appreciate the words of his own language so keenly, nor, consequently, wield them to equal advantage. Let him take up Tennyson. He admires the grace of the numbers, is charmed with the purity, often the simplicity, of the tale. How much of the enjoyment which might be gleaned from each very word is left to waste? There is quiet pleasure in the fitness with which a word conveys a delicate mean-



ing—rather, in the meaning itself. Nothing of this is observed; the word is seen, perhaps, only in a foggy manner. Ask its exact definition; the definer is thrown into a maelstrom. Perhaps a greater humanizing influence reveals itself in the study of the classics than in the pursuit of any other branch out of the philosophical range. Mathematics hardens the mind; chemistry forms the memory; physics and the kindred sciences widen the understanding; but letters, whose foundation, whose soul, are the classics, smooth and embellish it. The brightest stars in literature feed upon this fuel.

What is blameworthy is, that a man should pass through college life, spend his four, five or six years in the coolness of college walls, and neglect to decipher these inscriptions of the ancients, much more durable than monumental brass. If but one or two years are designed to study, as the exigencies of a new state like ours demand the arrangement should largely be, other books may more urgently claim the attention. When, however, it is the intention of going to college a boy and coming out a man, only regret can attend him who has neglected the studies which English statesmen consider relaxation from the toils of business, and the most grateful to be found.

#### WHAT, HOW, WHEN TO WRITE.

"You have not contributed anything to the OWL yet; when will you write?" "I don't know," is an answer which we have several times been the recipient of. No subject suggests itself, claims some one. Nor

would the mountain water which we enjoy ever reach the sister cities, if it were not led hither. It is not included in the argument of man, that his mind be continually filled with excellent subjects and a splendid treatment of them. The things around and within us will not themselves suggest themes, but these must be delved for and torn from them. What to write: take your subject from the matter you are engaged upon. You belong to the poetry class—cut out a sparkling gem, and suffer us to place it in a fit setting. In the same class, a tale might be written; not too lengthy, nor too brief, from three to six or seven pages of print. This will cost you between seven and twenty pages of writing, on foolscap paper. The members of the higher rhetoric class can not better employ themselves than in reading on some historical question—how many excellent themes might be found in English history—and, when the subject is well digested, converting it into the substance of the magazine. Points of history are often the matter of discussion in the debating societies. Appropriate one of these; you will already have a fair starting, and lights will have been brought to bear, which you alone, perhaps, would not have turned upon the question. By now thoroughly searching it out, you will fix this period indelibly upon your memory. No better way, indeed, in which to study history can be discovered than that of assuming single, limited points of history, and thoroughly mastering them. In this class, there are always individuals whose

fame has outlived the year of poetry. Of such, the pens can be becomingly enlisted in the service of the muse.

But why do not the disciples of Ganot, of Youman, of Bowman, or of Dana, they who investigate the constitution and laws of nature, give evidence not only that their ears are open during lectures, but that they range over the scientific fields in other paths besides those of the course? So the authors of "Earthquakes" and of "Dana's Mineralogy" have done.

The lower English classes have topics from which to select themselves pleasing ones.

Such as compose should do so carefully, and to the best of their ability. But one side of the leaf is to be written upon; the writing must be perfectly legible, or there is danger of the author's surprising himself in unintended opinions; the punctuation, the employment of capital letters, and the division of paragraphs, must be correct. It is natural that the one who obtains the precedence in delivery, will also receive it in publication. Therefore, do not inquire of the editorial corps when manuscript will be mailed to the printing house, but prepare at once.

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#### SOCIETIES.

The Philhistorian Debating Society has held its election, but we have not the list of officers.

The Phoenix Base Ball Club, since its first organization the leading club of the College, has elected the following officers:

President, A. S. Cialente; Vice-President, M. J. C. Murphy; Secre-

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tary, J. F. Murphy; Treasurer, D. G. Sullivan; Censor, A. Arguello; Captain of the 1st Nine, Joseph A. F. McQuade; Captain of the 2d Nine, Henry J. Harrison.

This club is in possession of the silver champion medal of the Senior Division. The medal is soon to be contested for by the Ætna Club.

The officers of the Young Original B. B. C., in the Junior Division, are President, Mr. Calzia; Vice-President, Thomas Tully; Secretary, Ramon Arguello; Treasurer, A. Levy; Censor, J. McClatchy; Captain of the 1st Nine, J. Byrne; Captain of the 2d Nine, H. Dwinelle; Scorer, E. Newhall.

The Philalethic Society will shortly enjoy a roomy, elegantly-fitted debating hall; the Philhistorian Society remaining in ownership of the chamber formerly occupied by both.

The Parthenian Dialectic Society has again assembled, with the following officers:

President, Rev. A. Varsi, President of the College; Vice-President, James H. Campbell; Secretary, A. J. Kelly; Treasurer, Hermann Peyton; Censor, James Byrne.

As usual, the Sodalities are flourishing this year.

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The alarm of fire at the northwest corner of the tower building was sounded at five o'clock Thursday morning, the 6th. The fire originated accidentally, and was extinguished before further damage had been done than the burning of a heap of old lumber, several feet of a high board fence, and the charring of the wood-work on the corner of the



building. The fact that the basement of the house is twelve feet in brick, was very fortunate. The first to observe the fire was one of the prefects in the small boys' dormitory, which is in this building. When he reached the flames, no person had yet arrived. He hastened to communicate the intelligence to other parts of the College; meanwhile, the College watchman began to ring the large bell of the church. Many flocked to the spot, and the devouring element was quickly quenched. The carbonic-acid fire-extinguishers performed excellent work, the blaze immediately sinking wherever the liquid from them touched the burning wood. The destruction of this building would have entailed great loss upon the College, as here are contained the costly laboratory and physical apparatus, the museum, with its magnificent set of minerals, the

models for drawing and painting, the reference libraries of the two study halls, the class-books of the students, etc.

Monday, the 10th, was enjoyed as a holiday, through the intercession of Mr. Doyle and some other gentlemen.

The establishment of the Santa Clara *News* was recently consumed by fire, causing total and heavy loss.

Our agent in Santa Clara is Robert S. Forbes, at the telegraph office.

A. Waldteufel, of San Jose, will always find a moment in his extensive business, which is greatly increased since merging the stock of Yates & Co. into his own, to receive a subscription or advertisement for us.

In our September number, *Riomba* should have read *Riobamba*, and *Bacaria*, *Beccaria*. In "Mentana," *ptah* should have been *fade*. *Sicilian Society* must be *Cicilian Society*.

## OLIO.

## LEGAL EXAMINATION.

## INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Q. Mention some of the principal law books which you have studied. A. Hoyle's Laws of Whist, Cribbage, etc.; the Rules of the Cricket Club; ditto of Jockey Club.

Q. Have you attended many, and what legal lectures? A. I have attended to many legal lectures when I have been admonished by police magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off knockers, etc.

## COMMON LAW.

Q. What is real action? A. An action brought in earnest and not by way of a joke.

Q. What are original writs? A. Pothooks and hangers.

## EQUITY AND CONVEYANCING.

Q. What are a bill and answer? A. Ask my tailor.

Q. How would you file a bill? A. I don't know, but would lay a case before a blacksmith.

Q. What step would you take to dissolve an injunction? A. I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it is melted.

## CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Q. What is simple larceny? A. Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind.

Q. What is grand larceny? A. The Income Tax.

Q. How would you proceed to make a man a bankrupt? A. Induce

him to take one of the national theatres.

Q. How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of? A. The solicitor of the *fiat* and the other legal functionaries divide it among themselves. —*Punch*.

The *Georgia Collegian* editor says:

*Carrying Pistols.*—We went to see one of our lady friends the other evening, and met a fellow-student. He came into the parlor with a huge piece of iron buckled around his waist. After the usual salutations, he unloosed his load and deposited it behind his seat. The ladies not happening to notice it, he called the attention of one of them to the weapon. We do not know what they thought of this courageous display; but as for ourselves, without considering the impropriety, we were reminded of that class of men who are only brave where there is no danger. If any young lady doubts the bravery or constancy of such a lover, we will engage, for our own amusement, to keep him frightened away at night, with a sheep-skin and a child's whistle, that makes a strange noise.

Q. Mr. Sharpstone, what is an original bill? A. Don't know, but should think Shakespeare was the most "*Original Bill*" on record.



Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts a worthy D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a good joke much better than most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use; so it happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large pasture, and in it a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture, and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality, perchance to ascertain if its location had improved its flavor; at any rate, the doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when—

“Boo-woo-woo,” went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing-seats, and, with a grave face, said:

“I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time; it annoys me very much.”

The people tittered, for they well knew what the real state of the case was.

The minister went on with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another “boo-woo-woo” came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more, and exclaimed:

“I have twice already requested the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time. I now particularly request Mr. Latevor that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching.”

This was too much. Mr. Latevor got up, much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

“It isn’t me, Parson, B——; it’s th—that mischievous town bull!”

—  
An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored the celebrated Brummell dreadfully about some tour he had made in the North of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? when Brummell, quite tired of the man’s tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly toward his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said: “Robinson.” “Sir.” Which of the lakes do I admire?” “Windemere, sir,” replied that distinguished individual. “Ah, yes—Windermere,” repeated Brummell, “so it is, Windermere.” A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, “Yes, madam, I once eat a pea.”

—  
[Mr. Wakely, speaking in the House of Commons of Wordsworth’s poetry, had said he could write as good by the mile. *Punch* attributed this to him:]

The verdant sunbeam gayly sweeps  
O’er Peckam’s mosques and minarets;  
The moss-grey sapling fondly weeps  
Over the daisied lake whose jets  
Perfume the hours and deck the air,  
And make fair nature still more fair.  
Uprising see the fitful lark  
Unfold his pinions to the stream;  
The pensive watch-dog’s mellow bark  
O’ershades yon cottage like a dream—  
The playful duck and warbling bee  
Hop gayly on from tree to tree.  
How calmly could my spirit rest  
Beneath yon primrose bell so blue,  
And watch those airy oxen, drest  
In every tint of purpling hue,  
As on they hurl the glad some plough,  
While fairy zephyrs deck each bough

## YOUNG GRIMES.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,  
 We ne'er shall see him more;

But he has left a son who bears  
 The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut,  
 His hat is new and gay;  
 He cannot bear to view distress,  
 So turns from it away.

His pants are gaiters—fitting snug  
 O'er patent leather shoes;  
 His hair is by a barber curled—  
 He smokes cigars and chews.

A chain of massive gold is borne  
 Above his flashy vest;

His clothes are better every day  
 Than were old Grimes's best.

In Fashion's court he constant walks,  
 Where he delight doth shed;  
 His hands are white and very soft,  
 But softer is his head.

He's six feet tall—no post more straight—  
 His teeth are pearly white;  
 In habits he is sometimes loose,  
 And sometimes very tight.

His manners are of sweetest grace,  
 His voice of softest tone;  
 His diamond pin's the very one  
 That old Grimes used to own.

A black moustache adorns his face,  
 His neck a scarf of blue;  
 He sometimes goes to church for change,  
 And sleeps in Grimes's pew.

He sports the fastest "cab" in town,  
 Is always quick to bet;  
 He never knows who's President,  
 But thinks "Old Tip's in yet."

He has drank wines of every kind,  
 And liquors cold and hot;  
 Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort  
 Of man—Old Grimes was not.

The avidity with which the Parisian populace volunteered into the Garde Mobile, at the beginning of the war, has only been equaled by their subsequent eagerness to retrace their steps. They have been made the butt of many jokes. We subjoin the latest :

A General, inspecting his battalion, asked a young Mobile whether he had any complaint to make. "Yes, General." "What is it?" "I am suffering from palpitation of the heart." "Good," was the reply, "it beats for its country."

A wag in New York, seeing a man drive a tack into a card through the letter *t* of the word "Boston," printed on it, seized the latter and exclaimed: "Why, sir, what are you about? Don't you know that laying *tax on tea in Boston* once raised a thunder-storm there?"

"Can you tell me how old Satan is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.



## TABLE OF HONOR.

Credits for the month of SEPTEMBER, as read out on FIRST WEDNESDAY  
October 5, 1870.

**Christian Doctrine.**

- 1st Class—W. Fallon, 100; M. Walsh, 100; P. Dunne, 95; A. Campbell, 95; A. Saufrignon, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; P. Byrne, 80; J. C. Johnson, 80; J. Poujade, 75; A. Raleigh, 75; J. Drown, 70.  
2d Class—S. Fellom, 100; Romolo Soto, 96; Thos. Tully, 93; E. Jaujou, 88; D. Murray, 88; W. Veuve, 86; A. Veuve, 70.  
3d Class—P. Soto, 100; A. Valencia, 97; J. Harrington, 95; F. Trembly, 95; G. Ansar, 84; C. Ebner, 81; H. Thompson, 79.

**Ethics.**

J. H. Campbell, 80; C. F. Wilcox, 75.

**Logic.**

S. White, 100; J. T. Malone, 100; J. Byrne, 95; R. Cochrane, 95; H. Harrison, 90.

**Physics.**

J. Malone, 85; J. C. Johnson, 80; M. Walsh, 75; S. White, 73; A. Arguello, 70.

**Organic Chemistry.**

J. H. Campbell, 75; J. T. Malone, 75.

**Elementary Chemistry.**

J. C. Johnson, 75; M. Walsh, 75.

**Mathematics.**

- 1st Class—M. Walsh, 100; J. C. Campbell, 100.  
2d Class—J. T. Malone, 85; M. Wilson, 79; S. Rhodes, 76; S. White, 76; W. Kelly, 74; P. Byrne, 71.  
3d Class—A. Veuve, 100; M. Murray, 95; A. Arguello, 90; J. Drown, 90; D. G. Sullivan, 85; A. Levy, 70; J. Poujade, 70.

**Greek.**

- 1st Class—A. I. Kelly, 100; J. Malone, 100.  
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 80.  
3d Class—W. Veuve, 75; S. Rhodes, 73.  
4th Class—  
5th Class—J. Poujade, 75.

**Latin.**

- 1st Class—A. I. Kelly, 100; J. T. Malone, 100.  
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 83; J. McQuade, 83; H. Harrison, 73.  
3d Class—W. Veuve, 85; A. Campbell, 85; J. C. Johnson, 79; A. Dobbins, 75; H. Newhall, 70.  
4th Class—M. Walsh, 75; P. Byrne, 75; H. Peyton, 72; D. G. Sullivan, 70.  
5th Class—R. Soto, 93; W. Fallon, 85; W. Newhall, 80; G. Bull, 77; T. Tully, 75.

**English.**

- 1st Class—Rhetoric and Oratory—P. Byrne, 75 ; J. Johnson, 75 ; W. Veuve, 70.  
 2d Class—Rhetoric and Poetry—J. Poujade, 100 ; J. Murphy, 98 ; M. Walsh, 85 ; H. Peyton, 80 ; Jas. Smith, 90 ; J. Raleigh, 77 ; P. Dunne, 75 ; H. Bowles, 70 ; A. Raleigh, 71 ; Jas. Dunne, 70 ; J. Drown, 74.  
 3d Class—J. Kennedy, 100 ; R. Wallace, 90 ; A. Dobbins, 75 ; W. Fallon, 75 ; W. Marshall, 75 ; L. Pellier, 75 ; A. Veuve, 70.  
 4th Class—E. Udell, 75 ; R. Soto, 75.  
 5th Class—P. Colombet, 79 ; W. Johnson, 79 ; T. Scully, 78 ; J. Day, 75 ; T. Durbin, 75 ; G. Wilson, 70 ; A. Valencia, 70.

**French.**

- 1st Class—A. Sauffrignon, 100 ; A. Arguello, 74 ; A. Campbell, 74 ; J. McQuade, 74 ; W. Veuve, 74 ; E. Jaujou, 73 ; L. Pinard, 73 ; B. L. Burling, 72 ; J. Burling, 72.  
 2d Class—H. Newhall, 75 ; W. O'Sullivan, 70 ; A. Veuve, 70 ;  
 3d Class—H. Bowles, 75 ; G. Bull, 74 ; H. Peyton, 73 ; J. Radovich, 71 ; G. Leon, 70.

**Spanish.**

- 1st Class—P. Byrne, 80 ; J. Smith, 80 ; J. Byrne, 75 ; M. Wilson, 75.  
 2d Class—  
 3d Class—H. Maison, 75 ; N. Camarillo, 70.

**Italian.**

- J. Reale, 75 ; A. Reale, 70.

**Arithmetic.**

- 1st Class—P. Dunne, 100 ; F. McCusker, 90 ; E. Udell, 85 ; J. Smith, 80 ; J. Kifer, 75 ; F. White, 74 ; G. Bull, 73 ; A. Lenz, 72 ; T. Tully, 72 ; R. Wallace, 71 ; E. Jaujou, 70 ; D. Murray, 70.  
 2d Class—R. Soto, 100 ; A. Raleigh, 96 ; G. Frink, 90 ; J. Byrne, 90 ; W. Walsh, 80 ; E. Gregory, 80 ; W. Corcoran, 76 ; J. Judd, 76 ; L. Palmer, 76 ; S. Fellom, 76 ; E. Newhall, 76 ; A. Valencia, 76 ; F. Stern, 75 ; T. Egan, 75 ; W. Geary, 75 ; W. Marshall, 70.  
 3d Class—T. Durbin, 75.

**Book-keeping.**

- 1st Class—A. Arguello, 75 ; A. Levy, 75 ; J. Radovich, 75 ; B. L. Burling, 70.  
 2d Class—P. Dunne, 100 ; R. Soto, 100 ; W. Marshall, 80 ; J. Kifer, 80 ; F. McCusker, 70 ; F. W. White, 70.  
 3d Class—C. Colombet, 80.

**History.**

- 1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 75.  
 2d Class—F. McCusker, 95 ; P. Dunne, 90 ; M. Walsh, 85 ; J. Burling, 80 ; H. Bowles, 75 ; H. Peyton, 75 ; J. Raleigh, 70.  
 3d Class—J. Kennedy, 100 ; J. Judd, 100 ; W. Fallon, 75 ; A. Veuve, 75 ; W. O'Sullivan, 70.  
 4th Class—R. Soto, 76 ; E. Udell, 76.  
 5th Class—T. Dore, 93 ; T. Durbin, 87 ; C. Walsh, 75 ; J. Thomson, 75 ; D. Egan, 70.

**Geography.**

- 1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 75.  
 2d Class—J. Burling, 90 ; H. Bowles, 85 ; M. Walsh, 85 ; P. Dunne, 75 ; J. Drown, 70.  
 3d Class—H. Maison, 75 ; A. Veuve, 70 ; J. Kifer, 70 ; J. Judd, 70 ; W. Fallon, 70.  
 4th Class—A. Deck, 75 ; E. Udell, 75 ; R. Soto, 71 ; P. Soto, 71 ; E. Newhall, 71 ; L. Palmer, 70 ; F. Stern, 70.  
 5th Class—J. Thomson, 95 ; J. Temple, 90 ; D. Egan, 78 ; C. Ebner, 75 ; C. Walsh, 75 ; R. Arguello, 70 ; P. Colombet, 70.



**Orthography.**

1st Class—J. Kifer, 75; A. Lenz, 75; W. Walsh, 75; E. Richardson, 70; H. Bowles, 70;  
E. Jaujou, 70.

2d Division—J. F. Dunne, 75; R. Wallace, 70.

2d Class—T. Durbin, 75; F. Richardson, 75.

2d Division—V. McClatchey, 100; R. Soto, 100.

**Reading.**

1st Class—H. Bowles, 75; E. Jaujou, 75; W. Walsh, 75; P. Dunne, 70; A. Raleigh,  
70.

2d Division—J. F. Dunne, 75; R. Wallace, 70.

2d Class—J. Greer, 75; F. Richardson, 75; H. Thompson, 75; F. Trembly, 75.

2d Division—V. McClatchey, 75; L. Palmer, 75;

**Elocution.**

1st Class—P. Byrne, 75; O. Dobbins, 75.

2d Class—J. Murphy, 95; J. Poujade, 90; F. McCusker, 88; J. Malarin, 85; H. Bowles,  
75; J. Smith, 75; J. Raleigh, 74; J. Burling, 70; A. Raleigh, 70; V. Mc-  
Clatchey, 70; H. Peyton, 70; J. F. Dunne, 70; P. Dunne, 70.

4th Class—T. Egan, 75; P. Donahue, 70.

5th Class—J. Day, 88; J. Greer, 85; F. Richardson, 80; C. Walsh, 75; George  
Wilson, 72; S. Fellom, 70.

**Penmanship.**

1st Class—W. Fallon, 75; R. Soto, 70.

2d Class—J. Byrne, 75; P. Soto, 70.

3d Class—J. Arguello, 75.

**Piano.**

1st Class—B. L. Burling, 75; C. Ebner, 70.

2d Class—C. F. Wilcox, 75.

**Brass Instrument.**

L. Pinard, 75.

**Drawing.**

Linear Drawing—J. Chretien, 70.

Figure Drawing—

Landscape Drawing—

[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]

Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned.

ADDRESS AND POEM

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

PHILALETHIC SOCIETY,

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, CAL.,

AT THE

THIRD ANNUAL CELEBRATION,

AUGUST 10, 1870.



## PREFACE.

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SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, April 28th, 1870.

*Dear Sir:*—At the last Grand Annual Meeting of the Philaethic Literary Society, you were unanimously elected orator for 1870. Our next celebration will be held some time about the middle of June. We earnestly desire that you will deliver the address.

If I may be allowed to offer a suggestion, it is, that your oration shall not occupy less than an hour in its delivery.

I shall do myself the pleasure of corresponding with you again prior to our celebration. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

I remain, your obedient humble servant,

M. J. C. MURPHY,

Corresponding Secretary Philaethic Literary Society.

D. M. DELMAS, San Jose.

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SAN JOSE, March 2d, 1870.

*Dear Sir:*—Your note of the 28th ult. reached me to-day. The same invitation which you have so politely extended to me I had already received from the Rev. Father Young. In answer, I have already apprised him that I would be happy to accept. It only remains for me to repeat here my acceptance. Allow me to avail myself of this opportunity to beg of you to assure your Society of my best wishes, and communicate to them my sincere thanks for the unmerited honor which they have conferred upon me.

Yours, very sincerely,

D. M. DELMAS.

M. J. C. MURPHY, Cor. Sec. P. L. S.

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In compliance with the promise given in the second of these letters, MR. D. M. DELMAS delivered the annual address before the Philaethic Society on the 10th of August, 1870, the celebration having been postponed, together with the inauguration of the College Hall, from the month of June to that of August. The poem *Charity* is the production of JAMES V. COLEMAN, ESQ., of San Francisco, who occupied the position of W. H. Rhodes, of the same city, absent at the time in the East.

At a half an hour after six o'clock, in the afternoon, the annual meeting was called, when a number of honorary members, and the speaker and poet for 1871, were elected. The body then adjourned to the hall, both active and honorary members seating themselves upon the stage, and Rev. M. Accolti, founder of the Society, presiding. Mr. M. J. C. Murphy, a member of the College, opened the exercises with an oration upon *Daniel Webster*; next was Mr. John T. Malone, on *John Philpot Curran*; third, Mr. Coleman, and last, Mr. Delmas.

## ADDRESS.

**L**ADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND YOU GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILAETHIC SOCIETY:—Before proceeding with the remarks which I propose to make, allow me to offer you my thanks for the honor, which, by inviting me to address you to night, you have conferred upon me. Nothing, I assure you, could be more grateful than this opportunity of renewing the ties, which, while a student here, bound me to your Society. Of that Society, while still in its infancy, it was my good fortune to be a member. Our members were few, our means small; but the institution which was then struggling into existence, has since grown to fair and goodly proportions.

Your extensive library, enriched with the works of all the great masters; your spacious chambers, fitted up with the elegance of refined taste; this magnificent hall in which we are now assembled, while they form a strange contrast to the scanty volumes and limited accommodations of former years, attest the progress which has been made. The contemplation of such results may well awaken an honest pride, and afford a theme of congratulation. On no branch of mental culture could your efforts have been more profitably bestowed. To those who watch with interest the course of education in this institution, nothing could be more gratifying than to see the prosperous condition of societies devoted to the cultivation of eloquence and debate.

The value of such societies, wherever they may be formed, cannot be exaggerated. The studies to which they are devoted, will ever be of paramount importance. They give the key to the reason or feelings of others; they teach the manner of guiding their mind and controlling their conduct; they develop the faculty of enforcing our own ideas; they impart self-confidence, and independence of thought and action.

Wherever man lives in society, whether barbarous or civilized, the power of eloquence is felt. But it is only in free and enlightened countries, that it reaches its proper development, and wields its greatest influence. In such countries alone, does it deal with objects of public importance, preside at the councils of the nation, open the avenue to distinction, and form the stepping-stone to successive honors and eminence. Other arts may be cultivated anywhere; they prosper in every clime. Eloquence flourishes only under the influence of liberty.

The atmosphere of courts, the magnificence of princes, may produce a certain elegance of address, and adulation to monarchs may be paid in pleasing strains—eloquence springs from the people. Its manlier tones are heard only in governments of the people.

Greece, Romé, England, America—the land of Demosthenes, Cicero,



Burke, Webster—were ruled by popular government. The few eloquent names which France has transmitted to us, flashed upon the world during that short period, when the absolute power of Kings was giving way to legislative assemblies of the People.

While we realize, then, the importance of eloquence in a country like ours, it may not be amiss to pause at times to cast a glance upon the means which may lead to its attainment, and measure the extent of the obligations which it imposes. To such an inquiry, the present hour seems propitious; and I know not how to better improve it, than by choosing as the subject of my address: *The Studies and Duties of the Orator.*

Before discussing what are the proper studies of any art or science, it is necessary, in the first place, to ascertain what is the object to be reached by that art or science.

Before speculating about means, the end should be defined. It is idle to debate the fitness of a route, until the point of destination is fixed upon.

The object of oratory is action. Its triumph consists in obtaining from those who are subject to its influence, some act which is the aim of the orator's desire. Its immediate aim may be to move the feelings, or convince the understanding; but, whether it addresses the one or the other, whether it speaks to the former in the language of entreaty, reproach or enthusiasm, or to the latter in the tones of unimpassioned reason, it uses them merely as the springs which are to produce ultimate action. Of all the arts, none is more eminently practical. It seeks immediate, visible, tangible results. It looks for no success beyond the reach of its voice. The period of its power is the present moment. It has no mission for the future.

The philosopher and the poet write for all time. The influence of their works is not only felt by their contemporaries, but extends to posterity. It is not so with the orator. His sphere stretches not beyond his audience. With them the battle is to be fought. Their passions, their prejudices, their bias, their preconceived ideas, are the champions enlisted against him. Victory or defeat follows the last echo of his voice. If no present conviction is wrought upon their mind, if the act desired is not performed, the day is lost and the effort is a failure.

The value of eloquence will be determined, therefore, by its efficiency to move to action those who are subjected to its influence. Its proper study is the acquisition of the means of thus moving them. Those means will necessarily vary with time and circumstances. In oratory there is no fixed, invariable standard of excellence. Style and substance must adapt themselves to various wants, capacities and occasions. Nothing can be more vain, than to attempt to settle by general rules, the requisite qualities of a speech. In those who listen to him, will the orator find the proper keynote of his style, and the means of fixing its character.

The elements with which he has to deal, are already existing. Their mind has been formed by influences over which he has had no control. Their

education, their habits, their institutions are things which are not his to change. To move them, he must adapt himself to them. It were idle to think, that in the brief space allotted to him he can remodel them to his will. The, ancient sages taught, that to know himself was the first study of man. It may with equal truth be said, that to know his audience is the first study of the orator. The object of both is, in its nature, identical. From the knowledge of himself, the philosopher deduced the principles which were to rule his conduct—from the knowledge of his audience, the orator learns the manner of guiding their actions. The way in which the study is to be pursued, is also similar in both. In both, the knowledge is to be attained by an investigation of actual facts, not general principles, of concrete, not abstract truth. In both, the lessons taught by others are not without value; but personal observation is the only sure guide. Civilized man, wherever found, possesses, it is true, the same general characteristics; is subject to the same influences; endowed with the same sensibilities; moved by the same passions; pursuing the same objects: but differences of climate, habits, pursuit, religion, education, governments, have impressed distinctive style.

Of all the productions of the mind, none is more instinct with the spirit of the age and the place which gives it birth, than eloquence. The degree of a nation's prosperity at any period of its existence, its power, its advancement in arts or sciences, the education of its citizens, their moral ideas, the form of their government, their political system, may all be determined by the character of popular oratory which that period has produced. Eloquence does but reflect the age which gives it life. Of all the arts, none is more thoroughly local. It is different in different nations, and different at different epochs in the same nation. Demosthenes spoke to the Greeks in a manner that was never heard in the forum, and which would, no doubt, have been little suited to a Roman audience. The style of oratory which prevailed during the more absolute reign of Elizabeth or the puritan protectorate of Cromwell, has little in common with that which is now practiced in England. The calm, resolute, independent and practical spirit which presided at the separation of the American Colonies from Great Britain, breathed its life in the eloquence of that period; while the sanguinary genius of the French Revolution, its utopian system, its subversive ideas, gave to its orators the peculiar and striking characteristics of their style.

Eloquence will vary, too, with the auditory to which it is addressed. A jury is often approached with arguments and reasoning which would never be offered to a court. A mass meeting is captivated with language which would not be spoken in a senate; in a word, by a knowledge of the audience alone, can the proper style of oratory, in any given instance, be determined.

While upon this subject, it may be asked whether style is not, after all, a matter of rhetoric, to be acquired by a study of precedents, and whether certain orators—for example, those who belong to antiquity—have not left us the best models to be followed.



If, by style, is meant merely the language, the proper selection of words, the construction of periods, rhythm, sound, harmony, or even the orderly divisions and subdivisions of a speech, the question may be deemed of too little practical importance to occupy our attention.

If, on the other hand, by style is meant, the tone of a speech; the manner of appealing to the feelings; of acting upon sensibilities, moral, social, religious, political; of addressing the understanding; the choice of arguments and the mode of developing them—then, it will be found, that nothing is more dangerous than to adopt rules established *a priori*, or to follow the guidance of any model.

Nothing can be further from my purpose than to impeach the study of classic literature. It is now, and probably will be for many years, the best gymnasium known in colleges and universities, for the development of the mind. But to know, to appreciate and to admire, does not necessarily mean to follow. When the orators of antiquity are proposed as models of style, in the sense spoken of, certain facts should be borne in mind. We live in a different age, with different ideas, different systems of government, different religion.

We admire the eloquence of the ancients, we linger with pleasure over its beauties, but it does not follow that they furnish safe guides for ourselves. While we pay them our homage, let us not forget that two thousand years have passed away, since the forum echoed to the voice of the Roman orators. In this gulf of twenty centuries which separates us from the age of Cicero, how vast are the events which have influenced the destiny of the human race, how great the causes which have changed the political, moral and religious state of society.

The mighty empire, whose power spread over every portion of the globe, has been dismembered, the principles of its government have been forgotten, its social fabric has perished, its language has faded away, its altars and its gods have sunk in the dust, its race is extinct. Upon its ruins new nations have been formed, new theories of government have been developed, a new morality and religion have been inculcated, a new civilization has been founded. From all these changes, a state of society has resulted as widely distant from that which existed in Rome or Athens, as the abyss of time which separates them. Our manners, mode of thinking, rules of conduct, philosophy, education, arts, sciences, habits, pursuits, occupations, commerce, political systems, social distinctions, are different. The great ideas which now attend the march of society and form the minds of individuals, inspire their thoughts and guide their efforts, were unknown to the ancients. Arts and sciences, which are the source of our progress, were yet hidden from them. The very names of industry, commerce, finance, civilization, in the sense in which we utter them, find no equivalent in their tongue.

Everything has changed. Can it be that man alone remains unchanged? Everything has undergone the impulse of progress. Is the mind, alone,

doomed to be stationary? While it has given expansion to everything, has it alone remained within its ancient limits? Can it be that the manner of addressing men born and educated under these new influences, is to be learnt from lessons taught two thousand years ago? Have the principles of a purer religion opened no new avenues to the heart? Have the ideas of a better civil liberty furnished no new springs of action? Have the discoveries of new fields of activity and labor given rise to no new energies, new aspirations, new ambitions? Has the general diffusion of education and learning given no new strength, vigor, and breadth to the understanding?

Theoretically, we may reason ourselves into the belief, that society may be influenced by practices which were effectual twenty years ago, but in practice we shall find that it is impossible. Let us not deceive ourselves; the style of eloquence suited to the present day is not that which was proper among the ancients.

Take up the report of any parliamentary or congressional debate, is not the style, the tone, the mode of reasoning, the train of argument, the development of ideas, the establishment and illustration of principles, essentially modern? This need in no way impair our respect for the ancient orators. We admire their productions, because we find them well adapted to the age and circumstances which gave them birth. But while we see to-day that each nation cultivates and requires a different style of oratory, the question is, are the ancient orators proper models now? Can the classics be recommended as guides to the debater or advocate of to-day? Can they be safely followed in an address to a jury or a court, a public meeting or a legislative assembly? In the senate, have Chatham, or Burke, or Fox, or Pitt, or Clay, or Calhoun, or Webster, followed them? At the bar, have Erskine, or Curran, or Brougham, or Pinkney, or Choate, followed them? They have not, they could not do so; the necessity of adapting themselves to circumstances existing around them, led them, as by instinct, to a different style.

Among the eloquent men of our own tongue, no one more assiduously studied the ancients, than Lord Brougham, none evinced for them greater veneration or attachment, none inculcated their imitation with more zeal, and none in practice more widely departed from them.

The withering sarcasm, the pointed irony, the fearless denunciation, the close logical reasoning, the fervor of appeal, the rapidity of thought and language—where in the study of all the classics did he learn these, where did he find them, but in the characteristic traits of his own mind, in the influence of his education, in the events that transpired around him, in the magnetic inspiration caught from the auditory that listened to him?

But I beg your indulgence for this digression. It may not be altogether useless if it has served to express my conviction, that, though precedents may afford aid in the formation of oratorical style, and that, though the study of the ancient orators is admirably calculated to train and develop the faculties of the mind, yet they cannot be safely recommended as models to be fol-



lowed by copying their manner or imitating their style, and that the only safe guides, are experience and observation of objects, men and circumstances.

Mere style, diction or rhetorical arrangement are, however, after all, secondary considerations. The chief study of the orator is to know what to speak. How to speak it, is of much minor importance. In whatever field of oratory a man may labor, his weight and influence will depend much more upon what he says than upon how he says it.

In the activity which characterizes the present age, men aim directly at practical results by the shortest and easiest practical route. They have no time to listen to mere exhibitions of oratorical skill. They look for ideas, not words. Nowhere could mere rhetorical art be more out of place. When the advocate rises to address that variable tribunal, a jury, the anxious question which presses upon the mind of the client, whose life or property depends upon the issue, is not, will he be able to make a fine speech, an address of classic purity of diction, of refined thought, of rhetorical elegance? but rather, will he be able to make an argument within the reach of these twelve men? will he be able to speak level to their understanding, to use such reasoning, such illustrations as they can grasp, such appeals as their condition, their education, their habits, will enable them to feel? In occasions of greater moment, in emergencies which affect the whole nation, when great questions of general interest are discussed, when anxiety, doubt and perplexity agitate the councils of state, the people do not stop to think whether the speeches which are addressed to them are framed with artistic nicety, or sound well, but they ask: In this crisis, what have you to suggest? what is the measure that you propose for our adoption? what is the road practicable and acceptable to all, by which you can lead us out of this strait?

The chief study of the orator in our age and country is, consequently, a study of matter, not style; things, not words; substance, not form. His success depends, not on his ability to please, but his capacity to instruct. Different conditions of society, government and civilization, give rise to different kinds of eloquence. With nations, as with individual men, existence is distinctly divided into youth, manhood, old age—formation, development, dissolution.

Each epoch has its own characteristics. The eloquence of each partakes of them. Its mission, its aim, is in each distinct. Enthusiastic in youth, contemplative and retrospective in age, it is essentially practical in manhood. The eloquence of our country, while it has never possessed the fire of the first, has also been free from the art of the last epoch. It has from the first been, and is now, argumentative, deliberative and practical.

The people of this country cannot be said to have passed through any period of infancy. The first settlers upon the territory of the United States came in the full enjoyment of the advantages of a high state of culture and civilization. Their government was not left to spring from chance or the blind influence of circumstances, but was framed at once under the inspira-



tion of enlightened and rational principles. An organized community, with education, laws and religion, spread at once over the land. In numbers, strength, acquisition, development, the advance of the nation since then has been great, no doubt; but the spirit of the people and the distinctive characteristic of their institutions have undergone no very material alteration. The main leading trait of their character is now, as it was then, to seek always and everywhere, and in every pursuit, for practical results. In the presence of boundless extents of territory yet to be settled, of inexhaustible resources yet to be developed, of vast fields of labor in navigation, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, yet to be explored, the spirit of the people will ever be active rather than contemplative, dealing with practical ideas rather than rhetorical speculations, fostering with greatest, if not exclusive care, those arts and sciences which help them in their onward march. To be successful, oratory must be animated with the same spirit. It must sternly cast off all merely artificial ornaments, all those devices by which it is made rather the means of exhibiting personal skill, than the channel of conveying sound arguments or useful information.

In all free countries, eloquence finds its chief occupation, and reaps its main reward, in contests which arise in applying or in making laws, at the bar or in legislative assemblies, in the cause of individuals or in the public service. Each sphere has its own peculiar eloquence. But in each the study of the orator is, in its nature, the same. His main concern in both, is the acquisition of the knowledge peculiar to each, and a perfect and intelligent acquaintance with the subjects which he has to deal with. Without this knowledge, no foundation of lasting success can be laid. Law is a positive science, and, without a broad and philosophical comprehension of its principles, it is vain to hope for eminence at the bar.

Elegance of diction, splendor of imagination, all the graces and ornaments of style, will not make up the deficiency.

But the greatest field of eloquence will ever be that in which questions of public interest are debated, and measures of government discussed. The mind expands in proportion to the magnitude of the objects which engage it. Its efforts increase in the ratio of the ambition which animates it. In the present age of the world, it is seldom that distinction is gained by the exhibition of mere individual power. Men establish their claim to the recognition of posterity, not so much by their accomplishment of deeds of personal prowess, strength or ability, as by their identifying themselves with those transactions which have a wide or lasting influence upon the destiny of their fellow men. From the multitude of events which daily transpire around us, and crowd the pages of current history, future generations can do little more than treasure up and remember those, which have left their deep impress upon the human race, changing or modifying the course of its onward march, promoting the happiness, insuring the prosperity, or hastening the ruin of nations.



It is by linking his name to these events, identifying his existence with them, checking or accelerating their course, arresting or diffusing their influence, that the orator of to-day can hope to rise to lasting eminence.

The magnitude and importance of his efforts, like that of all other men, will be measured, not so much by the amount of individual power or intellectual ability which characterizes them, as by the effect which they have upon the current of events.

The importance of a battle, does not depend upon the multitude of contending hosts, the prowess of individual champions, the number of the slain, or the duration of the struggle, but upon the effect which its issue produces upon the prosperity or ruin of the nations engaged.

That which affects a few only, cannot long interest the many. It is for this reason, that the eloquence which is evoked in the cause of individuals, is soon forgotten—not from lack of merit, but because it perishes with the ephemeral theme upon which it was exerted. The contests of the bar often give rise to arguments as remarkable for elegance of style, splendor of imagery, felicity of illustration, accuracy of reasoning, depth of research and broad and comprehensive views of principles, as any pronounced in legislative assemblies; yet how few of them survive the day in which they are pronounced, or remain as enduring monuments to the memory of their authors? Who but professional men read now the arguments of Pinkney, the greatest lawyer and most polished forensic orator of his age? Who, fifty years hence, will remember anything but the name of Rufus Choate? And if the speeches of Erskine still survive, it is because they are landmarks in history—it is because they were a protection, not to mere individual defendants, but were a shield between the arbitrary encroachments of government and the liberties of a whole people; it is because they changed in vital parts the course of legislation and judicial trials of the country, and gave an impulse to better and purer ideas.

On the other hand, where is the posterity so remote, that it will forget the productions of Chatham, or Burke, or Fox, or Clay, or Calhoun, or Webster? What history of England can be written, without consecrating an ample page to the speeches on American taxation, on Parliamentary reform, or the great contests between Fox and the younger Pitt? What pen can trace the lessons of the last sixty years in our own country, without rehearsing the great debates on the war of 1812, on internal improvements, on the tariff, on nullification, on the bank, on the veto, on slavery, on the annexation of territories, on the Mexican war, on the great compromises? And, in rehearsing these, what is left to the historian but to echo the words of Clay and Calhoun and Webster? With these events, the names of these illustrious orators are inseparably connected. Their fame is as broad and lasting as the effects of the measures which they advocated. They will live forever, because by them the destiny of a great nation was shaped, and the history of the epoch in which they lived, is their history.

But the success of these great men, the confidence which they inspired, the influence which they exerted, the eminence which they achieved, were due to no mere rhetorical attainments. They sprung from a profound knowledge of the subjects on which they spoke, a correct appreciation of the events by which they were surrounded, a deep insight into the means of promoting the prosperity of the people, or averting the dangers which threatened the nation. The basis of their oratory was statesmanship. Their fame rests not upon mere words, but upon the value of the lessons which they taught, the warnings which they gave, the policy which they advocated. The most eloquent advocate of the English bar has said: "A man cannot be a great advocate without being a great lawyer." It may, with equal truth, be said: A man cannot be a great orator without being a great statesman. Political science stands pre-eminent among the objects which claim the orator's attention. The importance of such a study may be readily appreciated by every one. To the orator, it is an indispensable necessity. As long as man shall continue to live in society, as laws shall be needed to preserve order among individuals, as the imperfection of human nature shall make the establishment and maintenance of governments necessary, so long will the study of the science of government in all its vast extent, be of interest to all. The time will never come, when it will be unimportant to the individual to know the rule that is to guide his conduct as a member of society, the relation that exists between him and the government, the bounds to which submission must reach, the limits which authority cannot overstep. The freedom and the happiness of each citizen depend upon a rational understanding of these matters. But the field which is to be explored by him who, not content to follow, aspires to lead, is of broader extent. From general principles, his mind must descend to their application in all the complication of their various details. He must not only be familiar with the causes and origin of governments, the sources of power, the relation between authority and obedience, the legitimate extent of law, the influences which give shape to governments and mould them into absolute, limited, despotic or constitutional; the degree of intelligence, refinement, civilization, which determine the course of a people in its progress from one to the other of these forms—his knowledge must extend from theories to facts, from the ideal to the practical.

His theatre of action is his own country. Her prosperity is his chief concern. Her own government, laws and institutions are, therefore, the first subjects of his meditations.

But it were vain to enumerate, even in a general manner, the studies which, in this connection, should occupy the attention of the orator. Our own constitution, its origin, the causes which led to its adoption; the character of the government established by it, whether national or federal, centralizing or sectional; its powers, their distribution, the checks imposed upon each; the efficacy or impotence of those checks; the limits fixed; the means by which the ambition of rulers is kept from encroaching on the governed,



and the folly or selfishness of individuals from enervating the government; the strength and weakness of the system; its means of self-protection; its germs of dissolution; the dangers which threaten its harmony; the remedy to check the disorganizing tendency; the changes which it has undergone, the vast unfolding of its powers, the development under it of the nation's resources, the march of its industry, the progress of its commerce, the policy which has marked its course, its system of revenue, its finances, its maxims of political economy, its tariffs, protections, prohibitions, their influence upon the people, their moral and political results, the history of the country which has grown great and prosperous under its principles—these, and more than these, would form but the outline of the vast territory which must be traversed by the orator, who would aspire to an honorable place in the councils of the state.

But the train of thought suggested by these reflections, would lead far beyond the limits of a discourse like the present, and it must be hastened to its close by a few brief remarks upon the duties of the orator.

If the influence which, in a country like ours, those who are gifted with eloquence are called upon to wield, is great, great also are the obligations which are imposed upon them. To himself the orator owes truth and honesty; to his clients, fidelity; to his country, his services in the cause of her prosperity and greatness. Time will allow me to speak only of the most important of these obligations—those which have been last mentioned. Until human nature is changed, and the love of power eradicated from the heart, the aspirations of men will ever be to lead rather than to follow. The honors, the offices of state, will never cease to allure the mind and awaken in the breast a natural ambition. Such is the rule of our nature—ever panting to rise above itself. Nor can that ambition, so long as its objects are legitimate, be pronounced reprehensible. It has existed from the beginning, and will cease only when our race has died away. No man need blush when he finds its emotions stirring in his breast, nor need the orator pause in confusion, when it is pointed at as the moving spring of his efforts. Without an earnest desire of success, there can be no orator; and the desire of success is ambition. With that success the individual is no doubt identified, for that principle of our being which makes us refer all our actions to self, cannot be altogether obliterated. Yet the desire of mere personal success, individual aggrandizement, cannot form the basis of a laudable ambition. It must have a nobler object, a broader pedestal.

The first duty of the popular orator, is to serve, not himself, but the people. To promote their interests is the first law of his actions, the aim of his exertions. Their prosperity, their welfare, their greatness, are the only legitimate objects of his ambition. It is, only by identifying himself with them that he builds his own eminence upon a secure foundation. When he abandons them, when he forsakes them for mere selfish ends, when instead of leading he misleads, he is false to himself, false to his destiny, false to the powers

which nature has given him; and, however such a course may secure his own momentary triumph, his conduct cannot fail in the end to lead to most disastrous results.

In absolute governments, the influence of eloquence, whether good or bad, is but little felt. The state is governed by the will of one or a few men. But it is not so in republics. To venal orators was ascribed the fall of Athens. To venal orators may be traced the ruin of any state governed by popular rule. It is a poison which corrupts the very sources of power—the minds of the people. The stability of governments like ours depends not more upon the soundness of their organic laws, than upon the character of the citizens. The basis of republics is the republican spirit of the people. Constitutions may facilitate the workings of that spirit, but they can neither create, nor, when lost, restore it. Good laws may tend to preserve it, but they are not always effective to prevent its destruction.

A republic may flourish, notwithstanding a defective constitution. It may survive the shock of bad or improvident measures; it may override the obstacles of a pernicious policy; but it cannot outlive the demoralization of the people. It cannot outlast the loss of integrity and moral worth in the citizens, rectitude in judges, honesty in magistrates, purity in legislators. The first duty of those who would serve the republic, is to preserve in the people the only true basis upon which republics can be placed. A profound knowledge, and sincere devotion to the constitution, are much, but are not all. Constitutions, in themselves, can neither insure the prosperity, nor delay the ruin of a state. Let the framers of organic laws write them with all human ingenuity, and more than human wisdom; let them build them with the most perfect distribution of powers, the most ingenious system of checks and counter-checks; let them trace with the greatest precision the limits of each department, and set up barriers to their encroaching tendencies; let them impose penalties, forfeitures, impeachments, for a transgression of their provisions; let them define ever so wisely the corresponding rights and duties of the government and the citizens; in a word, let them do more and better, if possible, than the wise men who gave us our constitution—that alone cannot preserve or prolong the life of a republic. There is a part of the government which must, after all, rest upon that, over which human laws have no power—the conscience of those who compose it. Republics perish, not so much from external violence, or palpable violations of their constitutions, as from internal decay.

What guarantee can the constitution afford against the perverse choice of majorities, the corruptness of a judge, the venality of a legislator, the inaction of a magistrate? When these combine, who shall save the state? When the citizen shall live in habitual distrust of those who govern; when offices shall be sought, not as honorable distinctions, but means of speculation or individual gain; when party organizations shall be so complete and party obedience so implicit, that majorities will perpetuate themselves in power;



when the interests of the minority shall be habitually sacrificed; when the struggle for supremacy shall be a political struggle of life or death; when all compromise between conflicting interests shall be hopeless; when the government, in its blindness or perverseness, shall forget that the existence of republics is secured only by securing to each individual a field of independent labor and existence, and that nothing is more hostile to it, than the accumulation of vast capital and territory in the hands of the few; when individuals or corporations shall, by their wealth and the number of their retainers, decide the fate of elections and dictate laws for the promotion of their own interests; when bribery shall successfully rule the judge and the legislator—vain will it be then to appeal to the constitution. The constitution will survive, but the republic will be in ruins.

## CHARITY.

In olden times a Saviour walked the earth,  
 Who honored manhood even in his birth.  
 From day to day he suffered jibes and jeers  
 And sanctified the earth with God-like tears.  
 Returning ever good for ill, he taught  
 How heaven could by charity be bought ;  
 How one poor drop of water given in love  
 Would shine upon the giver's brow above ;  
 How one short word in love and kindness spoken,  
 That might perchance heal one sad heart near broken,  
 Would turn to sweetest music in the skies  
 And fill the choirs of heaven with ecstasies.  
 But by the lapse of ages, hacked and hewn,  
 With tottering states and many a rising new one,  
 Men soon forgot the teachings of their God  
 And preached instead a charity new-shod ;  
 Until, in our enlightened days, the maid,  
 To show herself, must e'en forsooth be paid.  
 We'll find that, if with curious eye we grope,  
 Her devôté's "the modern philanthrope."  
 Sharp thought and indigestion make him lean,  
 With glazing eye, pale cheeks and 'havior mean ;  
 His clothes voluminous flapping over limbs  
 That strut in all the pride of tracts and hymns.  
 Address him, and he sighs religiously :  
 "The Indian cause improves prodigiously,  
 "Twelve hundred bibles have been scattered abroad  
 "To inculcate the teachings of the Lord ;  
 "The savages devour them with all speed" —  
 But ask him : "Rev'd Sir, do Indians read ?"  
 "Ah well," he says, "you know we do our best,  
 "And leave to Providence to do the rest.  
 "He'll work a miracle, if there be need,  
 "And teach the children of the woods to read."  
 Now, let a beggar near our man of love,  
 He looks upon him kindly as a dove ;  
 He listens to his harrowing cries for bread ;  
 He lays his meagre hand upon his head ;  
 He vows he's sorry, swears his heart is racked.  
 "Now turn to God, my man—*digest* this tract."  
 And if, by any wondrous chance, he give  
 Enough to let a tireless beggar live,  
 If, in a generous spasm, strange to say,  
 He send a marble angel or bouquet  
 To deck the altar of some city church,



All find the giver out with little search.  
 Or if a college he should e'er endow,  
 "O, generous man!" cry all men here below.

Sometimes we find this being rather stout,  
 With stomach well-proportioned round about;  
 His eyes, with pleasure beaming, seem to say:  
 "By Jove! the contributions for the Indies pay."  
 Him you must find at dinner, where he sits  
 Beloved of gourmands and pursued by wits!  
 'Tis there his generosity crops out  
 Amidst champagne, good claret and rich stout.  
 "Come, pass the bottle, gentlemen," he cries,  
 "Let's drink, let's reap enjoyment as time flies."  
 The viands eaten, he begins to smoke,  
 A very Jove, wrapped in his cloudy cloak,  
 In every cloudlet, wafted from his lips,  
 In every sparkling goblet that he sips,  
 He sees himself the centre of mankind,  
 An Alexander—only more refined.  
 That evening, may be, happy in his wealth,  
 He lectures on the principles of health;  
 Or if to "temperance" he should more incline,  
 He fortifies himself with generous wine,  
 And then declaims, his face all red with ardor,  
 Against "the fortress of the soul's bombardier."

But all things have an end, and so must he,  
 This noble scion of philanthropy.  
 The grave awaits him; him without a cent  
 The grave awaits beyond a life well spent.  
 He cannot take his coffers with him now,  
 And since the time is when he has to go,  
 He makes a virtue of necessity,  
 And lo! is generous for eternity!  
 But altho' dying, he is still the same;  
 He does it all for glory, all for fame—  
 He leaves a portion to some minster grand  
 And founds a college with his wealthy wand:  
 Mayhap some poor-house and some sick asylum,  
 Caught with a meagre sop, cease to revile him.  
 But ne'er a piteous orphan had his fill  
 Before this philanthrope had made his will.

We'd let him rest in peace within the grave,  
 And hope his good deeds had the power to save,  
 But yet another race has much to tell  
 In charity—"the modern infidel."  
 This man of reason, arguing from naught  
 But innate principles and innate thought,  
 Denies his fellow e'en one moment's life  
 Beyond this struggling world's unequal strife.  
 With him, the cause that fashioned the bright earth  
 From whose existence all things have had birth,

Is too aristocratic to look down  
 And find out whither mortal men have flown.  
 If argued with, he bristles up forthwith,  
 Exclaims: "Confound such superstition; s'death!  
 My reason is sufficient guarantee  
 There's no such thing as immortality."  
 "But hold, dear sir," you say, "my reason, too,  
 Convinces me that my belief is true.  
 Nor do I base my reason on a station  
 Of airy nothings, but on revelation."  
 From this he'll enter into long discourses  
 Upon the correlation of the forces—  
 How mind and matter are the same "in se,"  
 And how a soul is but a form of clay.  
 And take him where you will, he'll always hate you  
 Because he wishes to annihilate you.  
 The secret of his charitable tenet,  
 If he had honesty enough to own it,  
 Is that he fears, if *he* had immortality  
 He'd roast forever with the commonality.

O hollow world indeed thou wouldst have been,  
 If men there were not to combat with sin,  
 Who, ever mindful of the lessons pure  
 Of Him who could a world's unkindness 'dure,  
 Worked ever with the single constant aim  
 To love all creatures as themselves the same.  
 This love it was that fired the heart of saints,  
 Who, touched with all the misery, the 'plaints  
 Of wretched man, stepped some from kingly height  
 Rejecting all the blandishments of might,  
 To help their fellows in obscurity  
 And reap their harvest in futurity.  
 This love had once the holy Vincent de Paul,  
 O'er whose bright memory happy roses fall,  
 As prayer-enraptured sisters tell their beads,  
 Or gently glide to charitable deeds.  
 By day his king's chief counsellor of state,  
 Of wise men wisest, and 'monst great men great.  
 A people he could move with but a word;  
 All men were silent when his thoughts were heard.  
 And yet as from his modest lips there came  
 The fate of nations and the breath of fame,  
 His heart was burning with an untold love  
 That pride or honor never could remove.  
 While yet the streets of Paris, cold and grey,  
 Were hardly lighted with the sun's first ray,  
 And vice had skulked in corners from the sight  
 Of Heaven's coming daughter—lovely light—  
 He could be ever seen, with straining eye  
 And listening ear, to catch the first faint cry



Of helpless childhood, left to perish there,  
 By her who owed it all a mother's care.  
 But, noble saint, thy spirit still survives ;  
 In every convent, every cell it lives ;  
 Thy daughters labor with the same fond zeal,  
 Their hearts the same unquenched compassion feel.  
 Then say not charity has fled to Heaven  
 When such bright angels to the earth are given.

Why sweeps the vulture with dull-flapping wing  
 O'er yonder dark and death-like grove ? Why ring  
 Such piercing shrieks upon the startled air ?  
 Alas ! they tell that war has lingered there  
 To make a bloody sacrifice to fame,  
 To blazon with its gore an empty name.  
 From out the echoing woods, a cavalcade  
 Moves sorrowfully slow : no proud parade,  
 No martial music there the soul to feed  
 With palpitating joy ; the drooping steed  
 That bore a gallant warrior 'mid the fray,  
 Walks lonely by the bier, as if the clay  
 That kissed his master's fall received the fire  
 That spurred him once amid the battle's ire.  
 But woman mingles in the mournful crowd,  
 Like light that gilds the edge of some dark cloud—  
 That spiritual presence spread around,  
 That low, sweet accent, soul-entrancing sound,  
 And more than all, that peaceful, heavenly eye,  
 Proclaim at once a Sister of Charity.  
 On her the loving gaze of wounded men  
 Is ever turned : the heavens, the sun, the glen,  
 Are all unnoticed in the calm delight  
 They feel in gazing on that rapturous sight.  
 As some lost mariner, when stormy winds  
 Sport with his straining bark, and dread night finds  
 The helm shattered, looks aloft and sees,  
 Bright 'midst the gloom, the loved star of the seas,  
 So does the wounded brave drink peace profound  
 And comfort from the halo shed around  
 Her bright young face—e'er happier near the pall  
 Or death-bed than within the glaring hall  
 Of fashion. Pain no more exerts its pang—  
 Her presence e'en, as when young David sang  
 In accents sweet to raging Saul, has stilled  
 The sufferer's sharp agony, and filled  
 His breast with peace : she soothes the burning brow  
 And calls back wandering sense ; then bending low,  
 She whispers of a God, made man to free  
 His well-beloved earth from slavery—  
 To die for man ; and he who had before  
 Been steeped in crime and knew not to adore,  
 Yields to the gentle sway of woman's power,

And learns to love his God in death's dark hour.  
 Her own sweet voice, like summer's murmuring streams,  
 Reflects the gold of heaven's life-giving beams.  
 Her deep blue eyes are filled with pitying tears,  
 Her lovely face a shade of sorrow wears,  
 Her heaving bosom tells the grief within,  
 Where'er she sees the tyranny of sin  
 O'er some poor soul whose early peace was crushed—  
 Whose saving monitor perhaps was hushed  
 In youth, when vice puts on its best attire,  
 To fascinate the heart with vague desire.  
 But e'er she leaves that soul, a heavenly calm  
 Has filled its arid depths with soothing balm.  
 She hangs, an angel, o'er the soldier's cot,  
 When fever-tossed he dreams of battles hot.  
 The magic of her touch will change the scene  
 From war's confusion to the peaceful green,  
 Where home's delights will deaden all his pain,  
 And lead him back to health and strength again;  
 Or if, perchance, 'tis God's all-holy will,  
 To call the pain-racked soul from earth, to still  
 The troublous beating of his doubting breast,  
 Her prayers will scatter o'er the path to rest  
 Sweet roses, and will lead the soul to God,  
 And save it from a just-avenging rod.

O what a noble love is thine, thou pure  
 And beauteous sister! Impotent to lure  
 Thy onward footsteps from God's holy call  
 Were earth's bright charms, and power, dominion, all,  
 In thy eyes paled and lost their glittering sheen,  
 When Faith's bright star streamed lustrous o'er the scene.  
 Mayhap a throne thy gentle foot has pressed,  
 Thy queenly form in priceless raiment dressed;  
 Ten thousand warriors gathered 'neath thy hand,  
 Ten thousand swords flashed out at thy command.  
 To do, to suffer, thou did'st take thy way—  
 Nor kings' nor princes' power thy course could stay.  
 Brighter to thee was golden mercy's dream  
 Than all the splendor of a rule supreme;  
 A sister's mission, lowly though it be,  
 More true sublimity possessed for thee  
 Than all the power to carve a nation's fate,  
 To sway a people or control a state.

Thus, through the ages of increasing time,  
 Throughout the space of every earthly clime,  
 The Church has scattered broad her seeds of love,  
 To ripe and blossom in the realms above,  
 A heaven-descended angel she, in peace,  
 Who tarries here from bondage to release.



In war, she hovers o'er mortality,  
Like one bright sunbeam o'er an angry sea.  
May strife and discord 'mongst the nations cease ;  
May concord and one universal peace,  
Descending o'er us like white-winged dove,  
Beget in all a pure and constant love.

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